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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Attlee and Churchill. SRL Drawing by S. J. Woolf *(See Page 5)*

Churchill: Eternal Englishman

By NORMAN ANGELL

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CAN WE DO BUSINESS WITH STALIN?

A world in which Russia and the United States treat each other with respect and confidence will be a world of peace for generations to come. A world in which Russia and the United States are at loggerheads is a world preparing for another war. Which can we expect? In short, can we do business with Stalin? William Henry Chamberlin, one of the most outspoken critics of Russia, answers, "yes". There are no natural, inevitable, or irremovable causes of war — BUT — peace depends on four "ifs". What are the "ifs"? Can they be resolved? Chamberlin's *Can We Do Business With Stalin?* in the August AMERICAN MERCURY is a searching article that throws new light on the most important issue of our day.

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Written by JOHN LATOUCHE
Photographed by André Cauvin

Congo

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

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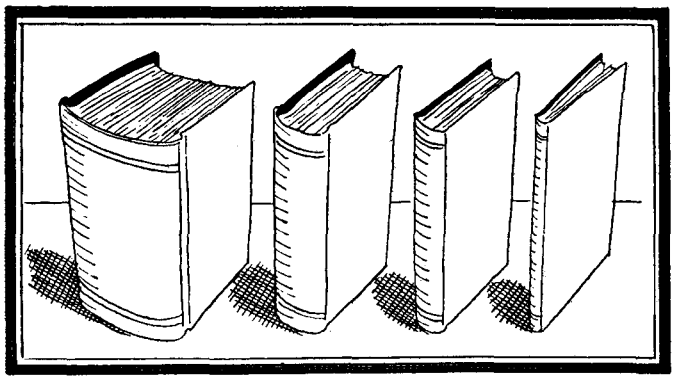
Ye Olde Bulkinge Booke



THE experts, forecasters, designers, planners, and crystal-ball specialists seem to have settled most of the problems of the immediate future. The Shape of Things to Come has been worked out on thousands of drafting boards, and any one of us who is sufficiently interested can learn today what to expect of the electric toaster he will be using in 1947. There is, however, one point of interest to publishers which has not yet been cleared up, the veil of the future not having been sufficiently rent to permit a clear view of what books are going to look like two or three years hence.

Currently there is some discussion among printers, paper makers, binders, and publishers as to whether or not the Bulking Book is going to return after the war. Questionnaires are circulated on this topic, designers debate the pros and cons, but the answer remains elusive. Probably this is true because the answer rests mostly with the public, and the public does not know that the question is moot.

A Bulking Book is one that has been made bigger than it had any sensible, designer's reason to be. A few years ago we published a novel called LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN, by LeGrand Cannon, Jr., which contains some 200,000 words. Using all the resources of bulking, we could have produced a book 2-3/16 inches thick, or almost the thickness of a brick. Our first edition of the book was 1-11/16 inches thick. That was too much, even for those piping times, so on the next edition we altered the paper specifications, and the book came down to 1-3/8 inches. The other day we asked our manufacturing man how thick LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN would be if we were publishing it today under war conditions. His estimate was 1-1/16 inches. We began to be fascinated with the possibilities here, so we asked him how thick it should be if it were designed for maximum reader pleasure and convenience. As we expected, the result turned out to be a good deal closer to the war dimensions than the old, lush prewar specifications. It was in the neighborhood of 1-1/4 inches.

The war has taught publishers a great deal about conserving paper. When we first designed Ernie Pyle's BRAVE MEN, it was a thrifty set of specifications, but the book was over 200,000 words in length and our initial editions bulked almost an inch. After we redesigned the volume and reset it into two columns of type, the bulk came down to 9/16ths of an inch, with a corresponding decrease in weight. Without going to quite such extremes, it will be possible in the postwar period to print books with excellent margins and ingratiating typography without making them noticeably thicker than the present "thin" war books. With proper design, there would never be another Bulking Book. Home bookshelves would hold more titles than they once did. Books could be read in bed without fatigue and without denting the reader's abdomen. Even a very long novel could be lifted from the table without spraining a wrist.

Publishers will undoubtedly try to design their first postwar volumes in just this way, and their manufacturing men will be happy because they will be doing the best possible job. So will the printers, who remember what it was like when the old, thick, fluffy bulking paper was on their presses and they had to stop every few hundred impressions and clean the shredded paper lint off the face of the plates. The paper makers will also be glad; their machines will not have to labor overtime beating air into matted wood pulp to make the sheet thicker.

But we are not sanguine. Those happy days will not last long. Sooner or later an author is going to write a novella and his publisher is going to want to make it look like a novel, and his agent will like the idea of a novel-scale royalty on it. And there will be a clamor for bulking paper for *that* book, and then for another and another. Booksellers will begin to tell publishers' salesmen once again to "make a real package out of your merchandise. Our customers like to think they're getting something for their money."

So, the question of whether Ye Olde Bulkinge Booke comes back to our warehouse and your shelves is up to the final arbiter of so many other economic problems—the ultimate consumer. We hope that you and you and you have been converted by the experience of war books to demand thinness, not thickness, lightness not weight, in your books. But a nation that will accept the optical deceptions of the typical soft-drink bottle and the perfume flacon is likely to prove vulnerable once again to buying a lot of air with its paper.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Churchill: Eternal Englishman

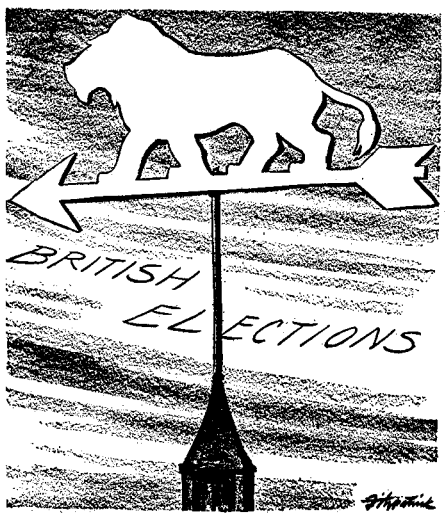
NORMAN ANGELL

THE DAWN OF LIBERATION. By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 417 *pp.* $3.50.

BY an ironic—some will say a pathetic or tragic—synchrony, the book containing Winston Churchill's collected speeches for the year 1944 appears in that week of 1945 in which he relinquishes the seals of office as the King's First Minister. A general election has gone overwhelmingly against his party and by that fact swept him from office. For the first time in English history the Socialist Labor Party comes not merely into office (it has done that twice before) but into power. Winston Churchill, yesterday perhaps the biggest of the Big Three, a figure whose shadow lay across the world, is today, so far as official power goes, merely one of six hundred and forty members of the British Parliament.

It is interesting and important to read this book in the light of that fact. Only so can Churchill's story give us a glimpse of the shape of things to come, of the forces which move men and nations, the nature of that fight for freedom he has served. Churchill not only made history. He has been history in himself; in the character which this book (and the similar ones which have preceded it) reveals.

The mere list of the subjects with which these speeches deal—constituting the table of contents of the book—occupies five full pages. Most of the speeches were of course in Parliament; part of debates there; replies to questions. (A fact which shows how immensely more onerous in some respects is the office of a British Prime Minister as compared with that of an American President. The latter has not to meet his bitterest political foes face to face and fight it out almost daily across the floors of Congress.) But, in looking down this long list of subjects, one significant fact jumps to the eyes: hardly any of these speeches deal with the social and economic problems facing the British people. True, the book is called, in its subtitle, "War Speeches," but it



—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

New Directions

includes such subjects as a statement on basic English, an address to doctors, messages to government candidates at Bye Elections, a speech to a meeting of the Dominion Prime Ministers, to the boys of his old school at Harrow, and on a great variety of occasions. But very rarely (there are occasional exceptions) does the Prime Minister touch on anything but the war. And that may explain what happened—or rather what was revealed—last week.

The Prime Minister himself, explicitly as well as implicitly throughout what is reported in this book, justifies this prime preoccupation. If the war were lost—and the one supreme reason which had made Churchill Prime Minister and kept him in that office for five years was the realization on the part of the whole country that there were times when it might so easily have been lost—then, in that case, the discussion by the British people of social and economic reform would have been meaningless. For they would not decide the nature of that reform. It would be decided for them by an alien power wiping out at one stroke the labor of long centuries that had painfully laid the foundations of a free and humane society. The point came up in the discussion of the Town and Country Planning Bill. The Prime Minister was in favor of the Bill, but asked that Part II dealing with compensation be dropped and dealt with in a separate Bill at a later date. He gave his reasons:

> There are all sorts of matters which are extremely important upon which we might expend a great deal of energy and pugnacity; but at present we must do our best to keep our pugnacity for export purposes. It seems to me the government would be much to blame if it so handled its public business as to bring about unnecessary, or at any rate premature, schisms and disputes between those who have only one object, namely, our safe and victorious emergence from our horrible struggle with Germany. A great deal of blood is going to be shed in the next few months—Liberal, Conservative and Labor blood. It is my duty, above all as far as I can while pushing forward the great social measures which have occupied this House to make sure that no needless cause of difference is raised to an undue height or proportion.

THE Prime Minister, interrupted (as usual) by Mr. Aneurin Bevan, remarked that in a very few minutes he would be finished and that the honorable interrupter, if he could catch the Chairman's eye (the House was in Committee) would "be able to fall upon me with all his pent-up ferocity." Still questioned by Mr. Bevan as to whether or not the Cabinet had been informed that the Prime Minister was to make this statement, Churchill replied that he had come, "after an interval, I must frankly confess, for physical refreshment, straight from the Cabinet to make this statement and to express their wishes and views." All had agreed. The Prime Minister added:

> We do not meet here in the old forms of controversial struggle. The day may come when we shall, but we have to keep together in this crisis of the German war and we must not let the kind of matters which can ordinarily be fought out between parties get in our way. We must not let them impair the grandeur of our national unity, by which, not only we, but countless people throughout the world, have been greatly benefitted. . . . I cannot believe that after getting over such

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enormous difficulties among ourselves and showing an iron front to the whole of the terrors of the whole world war, we are going to be baffled by the different points of view . . . of the three parties.

Well, the three parties accepted Churchill's plea as the Cabinet had done, and did defer the more contentious part of the Bill. But of course it left a sense of frustration with those who itched to get ahead with the remaking of the shattered Britain without any limitations of any kind. If this had been the only case of its kind it would not have greatly mattered. But again and again it happened that succor and healing of the deeply wounded body of England had to be deferred and again deferred, so that the fight for any England at all might go on.

When Churchill spoke as above, it was already well into the sixth year of the exhausting, wearying, draining war; the war not merely of nights of terror and sudden death, but of days of queues, of rationing, of monotonous and inadequate food, of over-crowded and comfortless quarters, of tragic personal bereavements, "stunned by the past, burdened by the present, made anxious by the future," until at last there came that deadly fatigue, a fatigue that gets into a man's very bones, a fatigue of enervation and irritability.

The bottling-up for which Churchill had to ask had by every rule of human nature one day to end in explosion. The explosion took the form of a demand for a change, of men and methods.

IF the electorate could have kept Churchill without the Tory party the result would almost certainly have been different. But the British system makes that impossible. In the United States an electorate can vote for a leader, a President, apart from his party; can put a President in power even though Congress may be given a different political complexion. That cannot happen under the English system. You can only elect a Prime Minister by electing his party to Parliament and putting it once more in office. And that, after more than twenty years of Tory rule (with only short interruption), the British refused to do.

But, at that, we shall misread the meaning of the election as a verdict on Churchill, if we disregard the ratio of popular votes to candidates elected. In effect it comes to this: roughly twenty-five million votes were cast. A switch over of two to three million might quite conceivably have put the Conservatives back in power. There are curious anomalies even in the figures of this election. While fourteen "National" Liberals were elected by three-quarters of a million votes, it took two and a quarter million to elect eleven straight Liberals. The motto of the Churchill family is *fiel pero desdichado*—faithful but unfortunate. Those curious electoral anomalies might have worked for Churchill. They worked against him.

We have to take these things into account if we are to estimate not merely Churchill's place in the minds of Englishmen and in the history of England and the world, but the nature of that revolution which the election does in a sense represent. If revolution is the word, it is revolution in the English manner. It has come about, one of the chief Labor spokesmen declares, because the middle class have come over to Labor—the technicians, lawyers, doctors, school teachers, university professors, business men, journalists, army officers, members of the House of Lords. The class war has become a class coöperation in a sense and in a degree which Marx not merely did not foresee but which he in-

sisted was impossible. History for him was class conflict. The very classes which in the Russian revolution—and in the changes brought about by Russian influence in Poland, Roumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria—were so largely and so ruthlessly liquidated, are precisely the classes to which the British Labor Party owes much of its present success. The new Labor Prime Minister is a product of the English public school and of Oxford; the new Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer, public school and Cambridge; the new Labor President of the Board of Trade, public school and Oxford; the new Labor Chancellor, idem; the new Labor Privy Seal, Cambridge. (These, it is true, are not new comers to the Party. The class coöperation as opposed to class conflict goes very deep indeed into English history.) It is no new thing, of course, for revolution to be made from the top by intellectuals and men of wealth, aristocrats. (Revolutions are usually so made.) It is a new thing, and a very English thing, for the rank and file of the revolutionary party to include great sections of those classes, to absorb and amalgamate them into itself. This has meant not merely "revolution by consent"—consent that is of those against whom the revolution was presumably directed; it means that socialism has been made compatible with those political freedoms and civil liberties which Britain, more than any country in the world, has known how to preserve. Clement Attlee, too, is an Englishman in that tradition. He will install no guillotine, nor will he want to put his colleagues of yesterday into concentration camps. When it is said, as it is often said, that Attlee is no moving orator, we may take it as evidence that he is not moved—as some of his future colleagues may be—by doctrinal passion but is conscious, by long years of contact both with property and with politics, that the price of welfare is work and patience. The task before him is not the task which faced Churchill. The Prime Minister of yesterday had so to move his countrymen that they would be ready to die and see their children die in order to preserve freedom at all. It will be Attlee's task to use freedom for the purposes of welfare; to work out changes by humdrum, dull details; to reconstruct, reorganize. And for that task, Attlee may prove as good an instrument tomorrow as Churchill proved for his task yesterday. It will serve no purpose of future freedom or of welfare to minimize or misread the part which Churchill has played in making possible that kind of change at this juncture of history.

Commonly, those who try to do justice to Churchill speak of him as a great "war" leader, a man of bull-dog courage helping his people to show the same courage, but beyond that no friend of democracy. For a year or two now, "Progressives" both here and in England have at times referred to him as one might refer to Colonel Blimp in the flesh (also a man of courage and patriotism) fighting the war just to preserve the empire and the privileges of his aristocratic caste, romantically captivated by monarchies, "a sort of glorified boy scout," as one eminent Progressive phrased it.

IF that were true it would be a severe reflection, not merely upon the political instinct and judgment of the British people and Parliament who put him in power and gave him for five years such loyalty, admiration, and affection; but also a severe reflection upon the Labor leaders in the new British government who for five years sat in his cabinet under his leadership and shared responsibility for his policies. Was the best that Britain and all its parties, including the Labor Party, could do in the way of leadership in its darkest hour facing all the fury of the enemy, a "glorified boy scout"? In fact, despite the exigencies of an electoral contest, no Labor leader who has had any opportunity of judgment at all, denies for one moment

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the quality of authentic greatness in this man. Harold Laski—no tender critic, with no reasons to be—declared on the morrow of the election returns: "Churchill, even in my Socialist view, has been a very great statesman." No one whose opinion is worth a straw thinks otherwise.

Let one fact illustrate. When Churchill took office the survival of a virtually disarmed England depended upon ample help from the United States. It was Churchill's business to get that help from a country still isolationist, still in so many of its sections bitterly anti-British, extremely suspicious of Tories, suspicious of aristocrats, suspicious of imperialists. Churchill happening to be British, Tory, aristocrat, imperialist.

When *The Saturday Evening Post* was still in its isolationist phase it had a leading article running to a page and one-half, entitled "The Saving of England" and sketching by quotations from Churchill's own speeches, the development of his relations with Roosevelt and the United States. The article ended with this paragraph:

> There, in Mr. Churchill's grand words, is the story of the saving of England, the story of the evolution of American foreign policy as if you were reading it in a mirror; the story of how the United States became involved the second time in a war that was Europe's business—and a record of the most amazing single-handed feat in the whole brilliant history of British diplomacy.

IN this connection it is well for Englishmen to remember—as Churchill certainly remembers—that Britain could not have won the war alone. But it is well for others to remember that she could have lost it alone, lost it not only for herself but for those others too; lost it as a victory for the things for which we have fought it; lost it despite "brilliant war leadership and bull-dog courage," if Churchill's leadership had been other than it was. All the combatants in this war—including the Axis combatants—have revealed both leadership and courage. Stalin has been a great war leader, and his people shown illimitable courage; Chiang Kai Shek has been a great war leader; for twenty years the Italians accepted Mussolini, in peace as in war; France has never lacked leaders whether Napoleons or de Gaulles—or Pétains. As to courage, Berlin had to take it as much as London; and the Japanese of the suicide planes show no lack of guts. But none of that sufficed for what we of the West believe indispensable. Italy went Fascist, Germany Nazi, France collaborationist and Vichyite; Russia accepted absolute dictatorship; China has fallen into near civil war.

Why has Britain done none of these things? Why did not Britain rather than France go collaborationist and Vichyite? Why did not Britain rather than Russia accept the offer of neutrality from Hitler while he turned his forces elsewhere than against Britain—an offer be it recalled renewed through Hess?

We shall not get to the heart of Churchill's service to his country and mankind unless we give some rational answer to a question which is fundamental in this context and yet which is not answered because it is virtually never asked, this question: "Why did Britain, under the leadership of the most brilliant Tory and imperialist of modern times, deeply hating Communism (and never disguising it), reject alike Fascism, all deals with Nazism to destroy Russia, all offers for collaborationism, all appeals for surrender?" Such a question is usually brushed aside with impatience. "Of course, Britain could never make a deal with Hitler." But why? France, France of the republics and the revolutions, of a powerful Communist Party not only could but did.

"Oh well, the two hundred families sold out the country." Were there no two hundred families in Britain? What of the Cliveden set? The hereditary House of Lords? The "caste system" we hear so much about? The City? Moreover, a deal with Hitler to allow him to destroy Russia was precisely the course which for years much of the Left, both here and in Britain, had been prognosticating would inevitably be followed by Tory Britain. It was repeatedly insisted that Britain was qualifying as the dominant Fascist state in Europe. She was not even a republic. She retained the monarchy, the House of Lords. She had had no armed revolution for three centuries. She had not even a written constitution. Parliament could change it from one day to another. And parliament was ruled by the old school tie; by Blimpery; by capitalism, aristocracy, wealth, imperialism; by a big Tory majority embodying all those evils. Surely a "natural" for Fascism. And then to cap it all, a Conservative Imperialist who happened also to be the greatest political orator of his generation, who manages somehow to make his words as immortal as those of Shakespeare, a glamorous and popular national figure, takes charge. Surely now would be the chance of the ruling class, the Cliveden Set, the City, all of whom (so we had for so long been told) hated the prospect of reform at home so much more than they hated Hitler; and who indeed (again we had been assured) were desirous of encouraging Germany to destroy Russia. It would not have been difficult for an astute politician and a great orator to make Pétain's case for England: to urge that if Republican and revolutionary France could accept collaboration in the Hitlerite new order, if Communist Russia could undertake a non-aggression pact with Hitler, and if communists the world over, and many socialists (including many in the United States) were condemning the war as ruthless and unjustifiable capitalist-imperialism . . . then surely Britain could join Russia in coming to terms with the New Order, the Wave of the Future.

But that is not precisely what this Tory-imperialist did. It is not true to say that it was just this one man who kept Britain in the war after France had surrendered and while yet Russia was still keeping her pact with Hitler. No man could have done it, but for

(*Continued on page* 35)

—*Hutton in the* Philadelphia Inquirer.

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The Testimony of a Training Ship

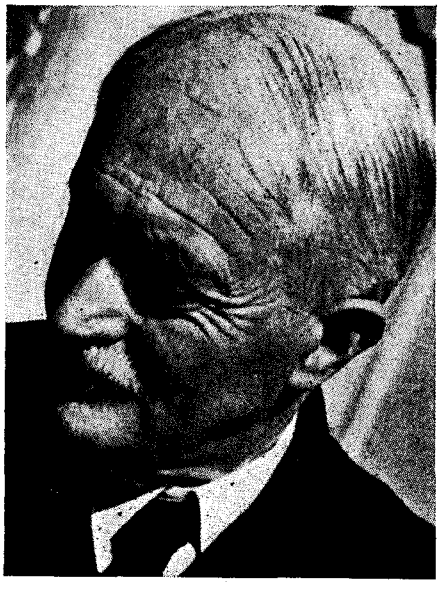
NEW CHUM. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

TWELVE years ago John Masefield published a history of the three training ships named *Conway*. Now, in "New Chum," he has elaborated upon Part Three of the earlier book, a section concerned with his personal reminiscences of the third —I hope I can say the present—*Conway*. The last sure news of her I have been able to check, on short notice, was the offer of her usual scholarships in January 1943. An ancient second-rate, manned by perhaps two hundred youngsters, may not have seemed a military objective worth bothering about. But in terms of the six or seven thousand expert seamen she has produced for Great Britain her value has been very great. In some ways, as Masefield himself has twice testified, she has succeeded in spite of lamentable shortcomings of vision and routine. If it had not been for these dubious features, there would have been little point in spinning forty large pages of "The Conway" out to make the 268 small pages of the present.

As it stands, however, "New Chum" can claim a place in the doubly useful category of books which, while they preserve one singular facet of the social order, serve also to epitomize central problems of society itself. "White Jacket" is to my mind the most noteworthy example of such works concerning the sea. In it, Melville left no doubt of the large duality of his intention. His subtitle—"The World in a Man of War"—informed the reader at the outset. But Masefield mutes the larger symbolism of his theme. Perhaps it had no part in the book's concept, and grew with the writing, as symbols often do. "New Chum," on the surface, is a brief section of the poet's autobiography, an old man's tranquil recollection of three months of his boyhood. The fact that they happen to have been the critical, formative three months of his life gives the justification for this degree of emphasis upon them.

When Masefield joined her, apparently in 1891, H.M.S. *Conway* was one of several sorts of school ships that used to be moored in the estuary of the Mersey, near Liverpool. She began life as the ship-of-the-line *Nile,* of ninety-two guns on two decks, designed by the famous Seppings and laid down in 1827. Those were leisurely years for the British navy. She was not launched until 1839, nor commissioned until 1852, when she was equipped with engines that were taken out again before she became the third *Conway* in 1876. The author does not give any such details in "New Chum" which is held almost throughout to an account of what he actually experienced aboard her in the autumn of a particular year. But the distinction is noteworthy because a reader picking up "New Chum" without knowing of Masefield's earlier work on the same subject would be pardoned for suspecting the plausibility of the multitudinous intimate details, memories of persons as well as of events, and of conversations given word for word. What seems to have happened is that Masefield accumulated a great deal of precise factual



John Masefield provides a "tranquil recollection of three months of boyhood."

matter from many sources when he was working on his history. It was his job to get in touch again with many of his old shipmates, who wrote out their reminiscences to refresh his own.

The very subjectivity of the treatment causes the book to suffer somewhat from a lack of humdrum organization, of helpful signposts with which a conscientious writer usually helps the lay reader along. For example, the obsolescent and alien atmosphere of the ship's society, while it is made vivid and immediate in experience, obscures such fundamental questions as the hero's age. I had put him variously between eight and eleven when, more than half-way through, there appeared the hint that his fellow new chums were thirteen, and a reference to "the early nineties" made it evident that the author, born in 1878, was at least thirteen himself. A curious mixture of British schoolboy behavior with a nautical routine decades out of date except in the training ships will baffle many American readers. We are informed that the *Conway's* "men" found their greatest shipboard delight in dances, under a dancing master, with only themselves for partners.

The main theme of these reminiscences is nothing more remarkable that a newcomer's utter bafflement at first contact with an arbitrary caste system hedged at every turn by tradition and routine. Everyone aboard knew well that the new chum had had no opportunity to learn any part of the code to which he must constantly conform. Yet the only means of instruction was to let him make mistakes, savagely correct him, and leave him to draw his own deductions as to what the right way would have been. This attitude sustained a typically cruel hazing system, so far as the extra-curriculum activities of the boys were concerned, but it equally applied to the official "instruction" in handling the gear of the ship.

The seemingly devilish society, however, was human. The new chum discovered with wonder and gratitude that an occasional godlike older boy would go out of his way to warn, instruct, defend. Masefield, in "The Conway," states explicitly what is hardly hinted at in "New Chum," that this behavior too was a part of the tradition of the ship. Yet on the testimony of both books it appears to have been left entirely to the impulse of the individual. It was not provided for. Perhaps it would have been, if the tradition had failed.

The larger questions aroused by "New Chum" are pedagogical. The author himself, in the fulness of his years, is complacent about some of them. He implies that hazing, and the process of learning by first doing it wrongly, are good for you. But he leaves no doubt of his disapproval, shared by all his shipmates, of the maintenance of obsolete rig of whatever sort, in a training program.

Most readers will probably not bother with the underlying implications of "New Chum." It is worth reading for its surfaces alone. The writing has moments of great beauty, unfortunately set off by a good deal that seems glib and careless. But the poet's guiding, lifelong decision came worthily just at the end, after he had seen the fo'c's'le of a steamer: ". . . something was very much amiss somewhere; there was too much grab, too much snatch, and I knew very well, that I did not want to belong to it. I wanted to be clear of the type of man who gave iron walls and a shelf, and a little daily offal, in exchange for a life's work."

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Mr. Hilton's Placid George Boswell

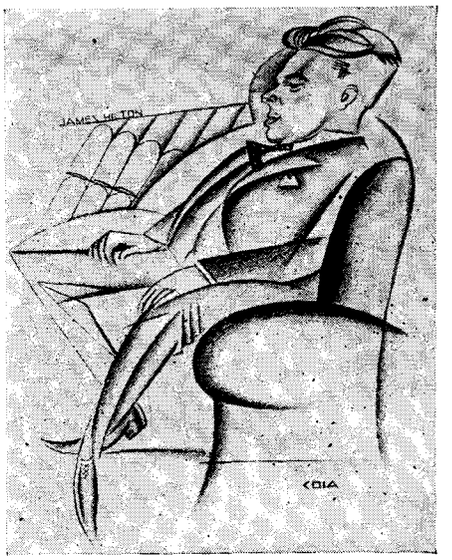
SO WELL REMEMBERED. By James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 309 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

FOR one who has read nothing of Mr. Hilton's later than "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips," this novel offers a very good opportunity to catch up with his career. Since "Mr. Chips" he has become something of an institution for a large and faithful audience. What sort of work does he do, and wherein does it please? Probably a reading of three or four books would produce a sounder conclusion, but if this latest of his novels is any fair indication, it would seem that Mr. Hilton's forte is the atmosphere in which he immerses his stories, rather than the stories themselves. For what, in this instance, is the story? George Boswell, Councillor in the little British town of Browdley, learns that his wife, Livia, has left him to marry young Lord Jeffrey Winslow. He is sad, but not embittered; he determines that if she is happy it is all for the best, and proceeds with his good works in Browdley slum-clearance. The war breaks out, and Mayor Boswell is touring the hospitals —finding there among the wounded Charles Winslow, Livia's son. Between them there springs up a profound and beautiful friendship. The final problem of the book is for George to keep Charles from Livia's domination, to help him, more specifically, to marry his nurse against Livia's wishes. This he achieves, with gentle deception, as the tale ends.

Even this necessarily bare outline of the plot will reveal its modest proportions. Mr. Hilton does not strain after any large objectives, either dramatic or intellectual. Nothing that happens to George Boswell, not even the vanishing of his beloved wife, really disturbs the placidity of his unheroic and virtuous ways. I believe a graph of his emotional reactions could proceed through the book along a steady median line, with perhaps a little wiggle, up, down, where Livia leaves him. And as for ideas, he is, again, proudly undistinguished. He manages to talk a great deal throughout, with all sorts of people, on the war, life, religion, marriage, destiny, without saying anything bold or original. He and his thoughts and his behavior are deliberately underplayed at every turn. Not only do we view his affairs as through the small end of a telescope—everything diminished and remote—but he himself views it so. Nothing touches him directly. He is insulated against the crash of impact with layers of retrospect and musing, such as to mute every sharp tone, soften every sharp edge, that the accidents of life might offer. What Boswell gets of experience is its recollection in tranquillity, a strange sort of nostalgic pleasure-pain. And this is the Hilton atmosphere I have referred to above. It is a soft air of philosophic resignation that rests like a preservative upon every page, something sweet, sentimental, reasonable, sad, nostalgic, the dogged endurance of virtue, the reluctant retreat of error.

Error itself, it must be noted, is not an unpleasant thing in the world of George Boswell. It is never harsh or violent enough to threaten the benign balance. Boswell is a Prime Minister without an Opposition. There is nobody to fear or distrust, certainly not Livia, to whom a great section of the book, in flashback, is especially devoted, purely for the purpose of showing that she couldn't help doing what she did. Nobody can help doing what he does, and everybody is really quite all right when you get to know him. As George observes somewhere, "often it's only from amongst your enemies that you can pick your friends." The reader may journey through Mr. Hilton's novel without encountering anything but the gentlest emotions—a gentle love for the good poor, a gentle irony for the unfortunate rich, the merest melancholy reminder that it is, after all, easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. . . . Ideas like this are dropped into the book and disappear at once, leaving no echoes. The general effect is restful, reassuring, and comfortably haunting, like a familiar melody. We remember only the tune, and the words do not matter.



James Hilton "does not strain after any large objectives."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME COLORFUL LINES OF POETRY

In each of the twenty lines of familiar poetry quoted below, a color has been omitted. Can you fill in the blanks? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 32.

1. I never saw a ..... cow, I never hope to see one.
2. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy ..... braes.
3. My days are in the ..... leaf; the flowers and fruits of love are gone.
4. The ..... of the maples can shake me like the cry of bugles going by.
5. The little toy soldier is ..... with rust, and the musket moulds in his hands.
6. Out of the night that covers me, ... as the pit from pole to pole. . . .
7. The love that loves a ..... coat should be more uniform!
8. And still she slept an ..... lidded sleep. . . .
9. The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea in a beautiful ..... boat.
10. ..... were her eyes as the fairy flax. . . .
11. Behind him lay the ..... Azores, behind the Gates of Hercules.
12. There's a barrel organ caroling across a ..... street.
13. I can see the ..... sunbonnet and the little checkered dress she wore when first I kissed her.
14. Miniver cursed the commonplace and eyed a ..... suit with loathing.
15. The blessed damozel leaned out from the ..... bar of heaven.
16. In winter I get up at night and dress by ..... candle light.
17. Break, break, break, on thy cold ..... stones, O Sea!
18. Blessings on thee, little man! Barefoot boy with cheek of ..... .
19. The dawn on ..... sandaled feet crept like a frightened girl.
20. A primrose by the river's brim a ..... primrose was to him and it was nothing more.

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Education for Modern Responsibilities

GENERAL EDUCATION IN A FREE SOCIETY. Report of the Harvard Committee. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1945 267 *pp. xix.* $2.

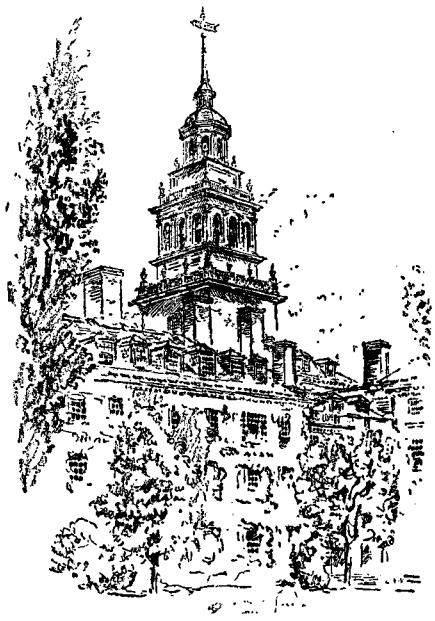
Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

TODAY's phrase to conjure with in propounding fresh doctrine and outlook is seemingly "general education." "Classical," "liberal," "progressive," "the great books," "orientation courses"—they have had their day in court and now we come to the adjective "general." Not that the phrase or the basic associated ideas are new. The University of Minnesota started its separate two-year general education courses some years ago. But the Harvard Committee is now reading a richer and deeper meaning into the phrase as standing for an objective which the present volume explicates.

It is highly significant and fraught with real hope that so many colleges and universities have recently been undergoing a self-searching about the meaning and methods of what they do. Columbia, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, Pomona, Colgate—and now Harvard—these are only a few of the institutions of higher learning which have been subjecting themselves to interrogation and fresh formulation as to their reason for being. And the results, if they become translated into practice, promise to be salut and invigorating. For, in a larger sense, they all beneath their variations look in similar directions.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the Harvard study is its definitive statement of the inadequacies of the secondary school experience and the consequent deficiencies of the first two college years. Why the high school has such a formidable bill of particulars against it, is here laid bare in a way which is so lucid and devastating that this particular job will never need doing again. The University of Chicago for example, has acted in this situation, by putting the real start of college subject matter down into the third and fourth high school years. But Harvard documents the problem unequivocally; and concludes that there has to be more and better general education linking the high and the higher schools more effectively together in an effort at different age levels which has the same continuing aim.

The conclusions which are drawn from the analysis for application at Harvard seem less drastic than the diagnosis. The reason for this no doubt is that it is easier for a faculty group,



however dispassionate they may try to be, to present history than it is to agree on programs. For new college programs, as Columbia College long ago found out in shaping a program from which the Harvard study now frankly draws liberally for its specific recommendations, are profoundly disturbing to conventional courses, teaching methods, and departmental prerogatives. The "cultural lag" is seen at its most acute in the usual college curriculum. Even to concede that this problem must have new scrutiny has been a marked step ahead, because it has shown that pleasant habits can, under war duress, be disturbed, even if not immediately re-formed.

The Harvard insistence upon general education for *all* young people and upon equating "general" with a wise and relevant interpretation of "liberal" education is splendid. The trend of the post-war times will undoubtedly advance this view, since there is every good social reason why a greatly enlarged fraction of all boys and girls will stay in school till their eighteenth birthday. And to minister to this group in a manner to be dynamic and fruitful in bringing on their total competence as citizens, persons, family members as well as workers in the modern economy, is *the* educational hot spot of the next few years. Segregation for vocational and professional reasons there will, of course, have to be. But it should not encroach upon the exposure of *all* to that body of commonly needed knowledge, information, and cultural orientation which should be the heritage of all. In short, defer too much specialization until the eighteenth year, while conducting the general education in such fresh ways as to give it appeal to the motor-minded," the esthetically sensitive, the mechanically gifted, as well as to the verbally facile to whom liberal education in the past has been so largely addressed.

All this is good doctrine and coming at this time with the Harvard imprimatur it should gain wide attention and acceptance for views which have hitherto been practised by the alert few among colleges.

Those to whom its message is addressed and who are in a strategic position to carry on from where this volume leaves off are college faculties, local school boards, school superintendents and principals, and all those who in normal colleges are teaching the secondary school teachers of tomorrow. Parents too, of course, should know and ponder the findings here advanced.

That the interrelations of college and high school teaching are presently in for a whole new deal—it is this inevitable conclusion for which we are specially indebted to the Harvard report.

Portraits in Patriotism

By Allison Ross

YOUNG WIFE

SHE closed the barren cupboard, taut, her face
Turned to the empty yard. A few more springs
The pear trees would have bloomed, while in that space
Children could swoop down slides and pump the swings.
She touched the sink; moved on; then leaned her head
Against the mantelpiece, above the bricks
So little smudged. "Not bad," the buyer had said;
That spot left by the picture he could fix.
(He could erase their dreams. A house endures
The loss of scanty goods and lavish hopes.)
From trembling bag she drew two envelopes:—
KILLED IN ACTION . . . Then: "The job is yours."
Open the door and see not grass but guns
And go—to nurture bullets and not sons.

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The Cosmic Watchmaker

MAINSPRINGS OF CIVILIZATION. By Ellsworth Huntington. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1945. *pp. xii plus* 612. $4.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT COOK

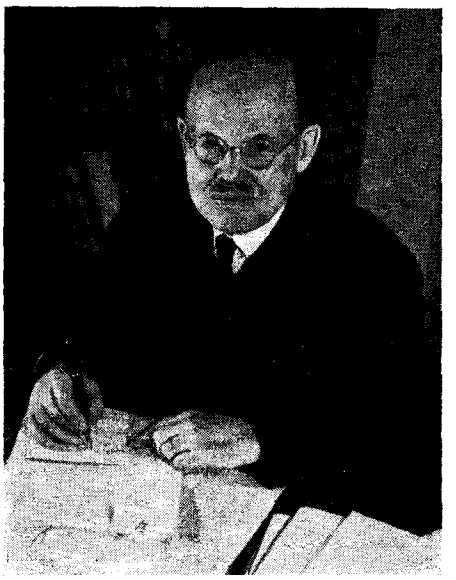
HALF a lifetime ago Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University started out to discover what makes human beings tick in that curious behavior-pattern which we hopefully call "civilization." Through the years his search has shifted from the nature of the world —climate, soil, and natural resources —to the biological nature of man himself—his heredity transmitted from his parents, and his social heritage transmitted by living with other human beings amid the physical and mental bric-a-brac of a human culture. The modification of biological heredity through wars, famines, epidemics, migration, and geographic or social isolation, has formed what the author calls "kiths." Among these several have made great contributions to human advancement, notably the Greek clans, the Jews, the Puritans, the Parses in India. More recently Dr. Huntington has undertaken to study the effects of solar and cosmic cycles on human behavior. He marshals imposing evidence to prove that in more ways than Zoroaster dreamed of all of us are children of the sun.

The state of the human race as of 1945 A. D. is a resultant of the interaction of all these factors and many others. Climate *and* heredity *and* the Men on Horseback squired by the Four Horsemen, plus tides of solar activity are all mainsprings—there is no keyspring. To attempt an evaluation of the rich evidence presented by the author is beyond the scope of this review or the competence of the reviewer. Dr. Huntington's patience, enthusiasm, and determination are monumental. Sometimes these qualities outrun his critical faculty, and readers of this book who are competent to know when he is on solid ground and when he is far out on a speculative limb will hardly fill a jury box.

For example, there is a chapter titled "The Puritans as a Test Case" of how kiths make outstanding ability. This measures achievement by counting the proportion of Puritan names in current volumes of "Who's Who" and other reference works. It is found that certain names are greatly overrepresented today. Unfortunately for the argument no account seems to have been taken of the fact that when surnames are transmitted through the male line only, and when some couples have only daughters, others no surviving offspring, it is only a matter of time until all the people in an isolated population will have the same surname. As long ago as 1889 Sir Francis Galton concluded that this would take quite a while, but it is a factor which cannot be ignored in such a formulation. This difficulty is further intensified by using as a base of operations the 129 surviving Puritan names found in 1790 census tracts, 170 years post-*Mayflower*. Obviously among these names are many that are destined merely by the operation of this principle to mushroom amazingly in later generations. Furthermore, the fact that the Puritans were first on the ground and thus obtained a vested interest in industries and resources surely is a factor which must be taken into account. These criticisms are not to imply that the Mathers, the Angells, and Conants were not able people.

Trying to keep a balanced judgment amid so varied a fare finally forced this reviewer into phantasy—no doubt a psychoanalytic "escape." He imagined himself in a shop reminiscent of that kept by the knitting sheep in "Alice in Wonderland." Simple John Citizen stands before the counter with a huge watch in his hands.

"Professor," says John, "something is wrong with it. It ain't working right. Listen!" John shakes the watch. There is a spate of machine-gun fire, the thunder of dropping bombs, and the scream of children spattered with burning gasoline jelly. But the watchmaker takes all this calmly. He informs perplexed John that what he holds in his arms is the watch of civilization.



Ellsworth Huntington's "patience, enthusiasm, and determination are monumental."

"What's that?" says John.

The Professor is vague but hopeful. "It is difficult to give a precise definition of civilization, to fix the exact point at which human culture passes from barbarism to civilization. Nor is such definition necessary. Everyone recognizes that in some parts of the world the people are savages, whereas in others they have a low form of civilization."

"You mean the Nazis and the Japs, huh?"

Not quite that. "The Japanese are an able people. . . . The good qualities and high capabilities of the Junkers must not be overlooked. . . . Civilization is a process as well as a condition. It is the process of making people civilized."

"I don't get it, Professor. If efficient murder-factories are civilized then I say let's get back with the savages. I thought being civilized was something to do with a good life for people."

"Take it easy, John. The effects [of the Dark Ages and two world wars] may last a long time, but they are of secondary importance compared with the basic evolutionary urge which is the supreme fact of history. . . . No adequate explanation of this supreme fact of history, this persistent forward march along a few main lines is yet available. . . . *Homo sapiens* is the most advanced product of organic evolution and modern civilization is the most advanced product of human progress."

Many an able reader, thinking back over the "most advanced product of human progress" for the last decade, may wonder, a little sick at heart, at so facile an over-simplification in a day of trial by battle and torture. Can the bombardier of the Pathfinder plane, bending forward long hours over his radar-gadget until the crosshairs intersect the sprawled shadow, blockbust us into the good life? Geographer Huntington's hope that our future is secure is not shared by the poet: "No thing can save us that is possible. We who must die demand a miracle." Surely one might have expected a more searching taxonomy of culture patterns, and of elements which might be controlled.

The miracle, if it comes, will not arise from sunspot cycles or mythical "evolutionary urges." That idea was invented by the nineteenth-century Transcendentalists to get the universe back on the gold standard of anthropocentralism. Evolution became the Cosmic Escalator, on which we sat leaning forward as we were boosted willy-nilly toward That Far-Off Divine Event toward which creation inexorably moved. The evidence from the rocks and from the biological laboratories is overwhelming that survival

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of any species is not guaranteed, that the Cosmic Potter has thrown back into limbo far more noble experiments than he has continued. Human history is littered with countless civilizations, that, like the species and genera in the rocks, have had their day and vanished. Survival in the age-long rough and tumble of evolution is a precarious balancing on a knife-edge. Thanks to Watt, Langley, and the Wright brothers, there are now no distant Shangri-La's where the gentle arts of peace can propagate unspoiled by fatal blights. The next blackout could be world-wide, and for keeps.

But the miracle remains possible. Readers of this book would not learn that there are other mainsprings. Discoveries by biologists of the forces which shape evolution, and by anthropologists and psychologists of means whereby "human nature" can be channelled toward a good life, represent in actual fact a revolution in evolution-processes. Man begins to understand and even to be master of his own fate, but he must choose the road. On the one hand, he may still search frantically for the Magic Escalator; or he may enter a new era, take stock of his still imperfect tools, and begin the difficult blueprinting of his own evolution. This is no quick and easy miracle, but its promise is immense.

Before the next Pearl Harbor things might actually be changed so that the tragedy need not be repeated. In time even the Junkers might become "civilized," a miracle indeed. But we would be well advised to begin our tinkering with softer and kindlier kiths and let Simple John hold the Junkers and Jap War Lords in a tub of water until the bubbles stop coming up.

Robert Cook is Editor of "The Journal of Heredity," published by the American Genetic Association.

Machiavelli as Pioneer in Science

MACHIAVELLI THE SCIENTIST. By Leonardo Olschki. Berkeley, California: Gillick Press. 1945. 58 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

DR. OLSCHKI, an Italian refugee historian who is well known abroad for his studies of the Renaissance and in this country for an outstanding life of Columbus, gives this fifty-eight page, admirably printed essay a title that may unintentionally mislead. Machiavelli was not a scientist in the experimental sense. In his much discussed "Prince," which is supposed to have served as a textbook for kings and dictators for several centuries, he approached statecraft and history just as Galileo approached problems in mechanics. It is with this approach that Dr. Olschki deals.

To the popular mind Machiavelli stands for guile and power. Actually there was no more deceit in him than there is in an astronomer who plots the course of a new comet. As a scrupulously honest scholar and student of government Machiavelli was perhaps the earliest objective interpreter of history. In a famous letter to Vittori he explains the purpose of the "Prince." That purpose was to discuss "what a principate is, what the species are, how they are gained, how they are kept, and how they are lost." He is not concerned with practical questions, as this description might lead one to suppose, but with defining political phenomena in the light of ancient history and with a classification of their different aspects. Like a true scientist he considers only processes and not causes and reasons. And like a true scientist he asks not "why?" but "how?" just as would a modern historical materialist.

Dr. Olschki does not claim that he is the first to notice and emphasize this objective method of Machiavelli, but he does claim to have described it correctly. By this Dr. Olschki means that his predecessors have abused the word "science," so that to them it is a mere "designation of an intellectual trend and style" rather than a precise characterization of a body of theoretical knowledge, systematic investigation, and methodical procedure.

Machiavelli believed that a statesman can do with men what a scientist can do with the materials and forces of nature. This was the mental attitude of Leonardo and most of the artists and engineers of the late Renaissance who developed an elaborate system of science and technology. Machiavelli applied the same principle to statecraft and thus uncovered political forces in the internal development and military expansion of ancient monarchies and particularly of the Roman empire without finding it necessary to consider social organizations, government, armies as such, or even legal institutions. His "Prince" is therefore a critique of what Dr. Olschki calls "the ubiquitous realities which determine the relations between liberty and authority, people and sovereigns, fatal necessities and human power."

The great Florentine emerges from these pages as a remarkably astute pragmatist whose method reveals the abstract quality of his thinking and his power of generalization. Though this carefully documented little book is obviously intended for scholars, anyone who is interested in the deep social forces that made the Renaissance what it was can read it with profit. For this is the story of a man who made a pioneer attempt at elaborating history into a science of man.

Grants of Geology

THE STORY OF GREAT GEOLOGISTS. By Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 285 *pp.* $3.50.

GEOLOGY used to be a purely descriptive science. In the last fifty years it has been strongly influenced by the development of atomic physics and cosmology, so that we have special branches devoted to geophysics, geochemistry, geobiology. How this change has been brought about is effectively told by the Fentons in the form of biographies of such eminences as James Hutton, Charles Lyell, Louis Agassiz, William Smith, Adam Sedgwick, Amos Eaton, Sir E. Logan, John Powell, and others less well known. These scientists live again in the pages of the Fentons, so that a public that shows little interest in geology, except when an earthquake or a flood wipes out a community, may learn what their work meant. Geology unfolds historically in the lives of those who made it what it has become.

The record is by no means unexciting. There are controversies enough, among them the one waged in the last century between astronomers and physicists on the one hand and geologists on the other on the age of the earth—a controversy now more or less settled by the discovery of radioactivity which showed that the earth is far older than Victorian calculators who followed Lord Kelvin supposed and that the geologists were more correct in their estimates. And there are still controversies about the age of rocks in which fossils are found and that are important in determining when homo sapiens first appeared. The reader therefore learns a good deal more than geology from the Fentons. They have done their work well, and their book deserves the attention of anyone who is at all interested in science and its trends.

W. K.

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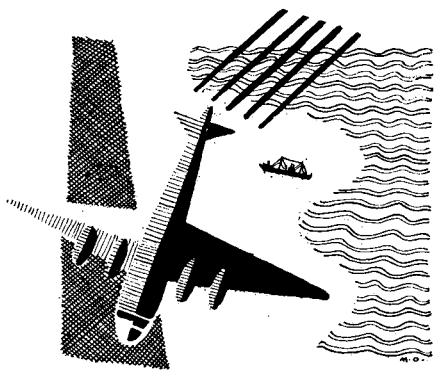
Strictly Personal

RETURN OF THE TRAVELER

SOMEONE ought to be candid about flying before we all become airminded and lose our esthetic perspectives. After considerable experience, I rank the pleasantest and most informative ways of seeing a country in about this order: First, walking on a path, low or high; second, horseback on a forest trail; third, buggy-riding on a back country road; fourth, bicycling (down hill); fifth, automobiling at 35 miles an hour—faster in dull places like the Southern piney woods, or Kansas; sixth, by train; seventh, by bus; eighth, flying under war conditions.

Of course, flying is grand for the pilot, but I am writing of his passengers, squeezed behind him next to dirty windows in an Army plane. Naturally, even for the passengers, there are moments of excitement—the rise, the landing—and rare passages of supreme beauty, islands of exaltation in a sea of intolerable dullness.

I have just completed some 25,000 miles of wartime flying. No doubt, in peace, we shall cross the sea and the continents in giant liners, so quiet and comfortable that we shall be able to sleep out in a soft berth the end-



less boredom of the Pacific, or forget, after one look downward, the unparalleled insult to this beautiful earth, all color and contour from its own levels on which man was born to look sideways, but degraded by flying to a blurred map.

Flying the Pacific. You rise at midnight from the California valleys, cross far above the gem emblazened Golden Gate, and up and up through the cloud drifts to a clear sky at eleven thousand feet. Then Southwestward at 200 miles an hour, the converted bomber, stripped of everything but metal, vibrating, roaring, your legs cramped, the temperature dropping to zero inside, the night endless. O the joys of flying!

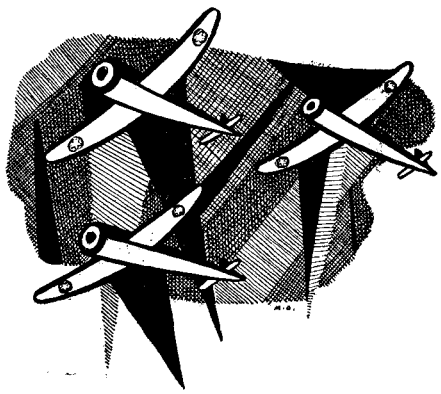
Antidote. Dawn in the tropics. We are still above the clouds, but now they are a world of billowing peaks over purple gorges, yet a stable world, stabler than our roaring plane. A vast cloud mountain appears beside us, darkens, and, as we pass it, a baby rainbow is born. Just a bright ribbon from one cloud cliff to another. Then comes the long, slow slide downward to Pearl Harbor and Honolulu

Airports. The same everywhere, neat, ugly, dull, a bit of mechanized earth, bare and striped with runways, set down at Colombo or the Fijis, or (put in any name of romance), where you sit and wait and wait, with only the temperature or a distant tropical mountain to tell you that you are not in Salzburg or Bridgeport.

The Pacific. Far too much of it, and all the same from the coast of California to the Tasman Sea. Cotton clouds drift far below around islands of purple light, which, when you cross them, prove to be peep holes at the blue ocean two miles underneath. A greatly rippled ocean (these are the great Pacific rollers), pointed with dots of white (the broken wave crests). Nothing on it, no change of blue, just hour after hour of getting nowhere.

The Islands. Yes, I had read about them from youth onward in Stevenson and Melville and O'Brien. But if you want to see the romantic coral gems of the south seas now you will have to use a parachute, and live, if you live at all, on clams and coconuts. The tropic isles you visit are way stations, restaurants, and machine shops. There is Canton, a mile across, one tree, and all airport. There is Christmas Island, a lunette of coco palms, with a duplicate airport. Sliding down from the air heights at midnight is like the slow descent into a hot bath. Motion ceases, and along the veranda of the traffic house is a row of slumped figures who seem never to have moved. The Southern constellations blaze, the trade wind blows over the equator, but in the mess hall, an almost nude staff lard the bare floors as they sweat over their cooking. Around them is a ring of giant cockroaches, all named and trained not to move upon the remnants until word is given. One was Archie, Don Marquis's pet reincarnated double size. This is a sodden, dank Purgatory, where officers and men wear out their hearts in too much heat and leisure.

Flying in Australia. Here is luxury flying. Seats in which you can stretch, a hostess with a tray of sandwiches made of the curious red edible rubber which is the center of all sandwiches in the Antipodes, a hot drink. Your lazy mind places bets, is it cocoa, is it tea?—it was coffee. Beneath are the shorn, sharp heights and narrow valleys of the sheep ranges, and if you are not too high, you can see multitudes of tiny sheep, like plant lice on a crumpled rose leaf. Beyond are



the high bare ranges, bush covered on the slopes, and, if the day is late, of that purple and violet and dusky blue which is the palette of Australian hills. We coast down toward Canberra, that embryonic, but beautiful, capital which looks as if Washington city had hatched an egg in Colorado Springs. We bump. We swoop and recover. We land, and there is our Minister greeting the giant Gene Tunney whose legs filled my corner of the plane, and looking for another visiting American. But all I wanted was a place in which to be sick in decent privacy. It insults human dignity to be actively ill in a flying sardine box. And so on, and over the red-roofed Australian cities, thousands of little bungalows each on its own plot, until in the distance comes the glimmer of the Southern Ocean.

Flying in New Zealand. A land all sodden green except for sharp brown peaks, and white snow volcanoes pushing above the clouds, and, in the southern island, a vast snowbound range as high as our Rockies, with ocean fjords on the east, and great chequered plains rising to foothills on the west. The airplanes are flying white cigars, made to dart and twist along the vast headlands over the ocean, to pierce the roaring winds and rain, and slide over chimney pots on to air fields of sand-pit size. The land of the long white cloud, the exploring Maoris in their double canoes, come from Tahiti

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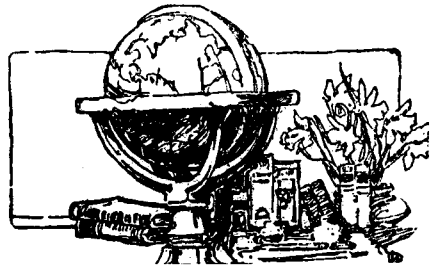
or the Dangerous Archipelago, called the South Island of New Zealand. It is set westward of the North Island, and all the winds from the Antarctic and the Ice Barrier rush through the strait named for Captain Cook between the two. Wellington, the capital, is huddled at the mouth of the strait, a city which, from the air, seems built on cliffs and gullies. The Southerly Buster, which blows for three weeks at a time, swings and twirls your plane, until hills and peaks and harbor revolve like a mad motion-picture.

Crossing the Sierras. It is for this scenery that planes were made. The earth beneath reverts to geology, the mountain walls drop sharply into the desert, the desert drinks the irrigating waters and turns to tiny gardens; the water drains away, the desert rises, the air is clear, and we brush between the wild tops of peaks, snow gullied, their secret inaccessibilities at easy eye-lengths. Then Texas, another Pacific, red, green, dull, interminable.

Crashing. I find flying much less nervous than a wallowing storm in the Atlantic, when the waves slush against the thin metal skin beside your berth. But when danger comes, it comes quickly. It happened to us taking off from San Diego on the return trip. We are roaring down the runway in a heavy Dacotah plane, a ferry plane open inside like a freight car; benches are rimmed along the sides (as it turned out, this saved our lives). I look out from my bench seat, watching for the wheels to lift. They cling to the ground, the traffic station shoots past, the two engines roar, but we do not seem to be getting speed. Then a slow lift, a sudden jerk—the doctor opposite me (an old hand) yells "hold on." I see from my window that we are at the end of the airfield—houses loom up ahead. An instant of that paralysis, which is not terror, for only the mind, not the body, has felt the danger, then smack, crash, and roll. We are on our big belly jabbing into the ground, slicing and sliding, the passengers piling up in a tangle on the floor. A shuddering smash; and it is all over. It is not the sudden death type of crash. We have escaped! I am naive. I think it *is* over—everyone else is scrambling, but I see the big exit door open at the other end of the plane, and am reaching for my valuables, and being thankful in my heart.

Crashes like this do not end this way. The crew door behind me breaks open, and the radio man leaps through, shouting "get out!" Behind him I see a furnace of flames, jets of burning gasoline pour out by my feet. I start forward with whatever is in my hands, get smacked down, try to get up,



scuffle, feeling I am in a dream, and am the last at the door, with a split second to see that I am surrounded by flames from the exploded engine. I drop from the plane to the grass inside the fires, squirm on my belly under the tail fin, see a higher but thinner hedge of flame, pull my wet overcoat over my face, and plunge through to a ditch and the road, now jammed with fire engines and ambulances. There my knees turn to water, and for the first time I am frightened to sickness.

Reflections on Flying. My nerve is not shaken. I would fly tomorrow, if I had to, with less internal quakings than I felt in my days of innocence before my flight. I know the familiar engine rhythms, I know the ritual of departure, and arrival. I know what can cause disaster, how seldom (in peace conditions) it is likely to happen, and what to do when it comes, if there is anything to do.

And yet, when I fly again, even on the best of planes, over the most magnificent of terrains, or the most splendid of oceans, I know I shall be, except for brief intervals, dulled in mind, uncomfortable in body, bored in spirit. Against that, I know that by ship, for example, it is three days across the Tasman Sea between Australia and New Zealand, three days of heaving when only the hardened come on deck. By air, in a flying boat, in three step-down compartments, and even a promenade on which to stretch your legs, it is six hours and a half. That is the answer. But when I go through Australia and Tasmania again, I hope it will be by automobile. And when I see once more, as I hope I will, the geysers and volcanoes, the lovely tree fern gorges, the lakes and the mountain meadows of New Zealand, I hope it will be by foot or by horse and buggy. I am sure that I can rent a two-wheeled cart from a Maori.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Peter McCarthy's Growing Up

SILVER BUCKLES ON HIS KNEE. By Tommy Wadelton. New York: Coward-McCann. 1945. 167 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

TWO thirds of this book is a moving, poignant story of boyhood in the years between two wars, written with forthright simplicity and genuine insight. The final third is a descent into a maelstrom of mysticism and supernatural goings-on so naive and sentimental that it approaches the point of absurdity. The familiar technique of the author's disclaiming any responsibility for the inexplicable event and by so doing giving it a sort of pseudo-scientific factuality is here employed: "If it seems incredible," says Tommy Wadelton, "I can't help it. It happened." Grant that there are more things in heaven and earth than our philisophy has dreamt of. That Peter McCarthy, wounded and cast up on a Japanese-held island could in his delirium be helped and comforted by the spiritual presence of his old nurse, Kelty Lou Belle, and of Carlos, a boyhood friend (both dead) and that love can reach out beyond the grave and be somehow manifest, I can believe. But that Kelty Lou Belle and Carlos could lead Peter through the Jap camp, wreak havoc while completely invisible to the baffled enemy, signal by flashing lights to a passing United States warship and bring it to Peter's aid, and bind up his wounds with strips of pink gingham torn from Kelty Lou Belle's dress, which pink gingham, remaining materialized (the pun is unintentional) is brought home by Peter to be identified as part of the very dress worn by the devoted old nurse on the night she died, the night of Peter's casting-away, is a bit too much of a strain on the credulity of the reader.

There is a great deal that is memorable in this novel. One of the advantages of a young writer is that he can remember at close hand all the authentic flavor of youth, the long, long thoughts, the enormous significance of all the things which attend the business of growing up. And if he is adept with words he can capture and fix it on the page. Tommy Wadelton has done this, in his record of Peter McCarthy's growing up. It is a sensitive and heart-warming portrayal, and young Peter, lying awake and thinking through the night before his induction into the Navy, is a boy the reader will remember as he remembers the boy next door. But the book as a whole suffers greatly from its naive and obviously artificial climax. When Tommy Wadelton writes about what he knows and deeply feels, he is a mature and perceptive adult; when he indulges in flights of psychic phenomena he is a wide-eyed adolescent, tingling deliciously at the "witch tales what Annie tells about."

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Competing for a Literary Prize?

More and Richer Bait for Manuscripts

RICHARD G. LILLARD

WHEN Sinclair Lewis refused the Pulitzer Prize in 1926 he said, "All prizes, like all titles, are dangerous." Prize seekers labor "not for inherent excellence but for alien rewards." He protested against subservience to the Pulitzer advisory board of the time, which stood, he said, for the "code of Good Form" and influenced writers "to become safe, polite, obedient, and sterile." This particular menace has been challenged by members of the Drama Critics' Circle and others skeptical of the Pulitzer committee's judgment. Today, a score or more important literary awards, many of them new, figure in the American cultural scene, all of which reopens the question, "Are prize contests constructive elements in the literary world?"

Older, professionally established writers, who are not interested in prizes, take in stride the money and honor of a Nobel or Pulitzer prize, as so much unearned and unexpected increment. Already committed to agents and publishers, and well enough off from previous success, they rarely enter a formal competition. To Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, it is as detrimental to write with prizes as with the commercial market in mind. John P. Marquand thinks American creative writing would be better off if all prizes were abolished.

Newer writers take a different view. They want time, undivided energy, and freedom from financial worry. They need encouragement and initial recognition. If they have a genuine urge for expression, come drought or flood they will write, though they know that a manuscript is chore after eight hours of tiring work in an office.

Evidence is ample that announcement of awards stimulates writing. New writers, young or old, feel assured that their manuscripts will be carefully read, if not well rewarded. They begin writing up an idea that they have long turned over in their heads. They revise manuscripts already started, or, most commonly, they complete a manuscript. A deadline is a stimulus, and by far the largest numbers of manuscripts in a given contest come in just before the closing date. Farrar and Rinehart, which sponsors the Latin-America Contest and the Mary Roberts Rinehart Mystery Novel Contest, finds that many authors who miss the deadline send on their manuscripts for ordinary editorial consideration because they started or finished the books with the contest in mind. Robert Penn Warren had studied the terroristic tobacco war between Kentucky growers and manufacturers and had written a novelette on the subject before Houghton Mifflin announced its fellowships. After gaining one of these, he set about the actual writing of the novel "Night Rider."

Regular annual awards, especially, encourage writers to begin writing for eventual entry. The Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation Prize of $2,000 attracts many writers of juveniles, since children's books often pay little in royalties. The Hopwood Awards entice students to Ann Arbor, stimulate them

into writing while enrolled, and handsomely reward the best writers of the year. The bequest of Avery Hopwood gives the University of Michigan the largest sum in the world for prodding student authors, individual awards rising as high as $2,000. Prizewinning manuscripts that have become best sellers are Iola Fuller's "The Loon Feather" and Maritta Wolff's "Whistle Stop." Yearly regional contests such as E. P. Dutton's Lewis & Clark Northwest Contest and Thomas Jefferson Southern Award Contest lead local writers to shape up their ideas and improve their style.

A prize is often a much-needed windfall, financially or psychologically. The Thomas Jefferson Southern of $2,500 for "Taps for Private Tussie" rescued Jesse Stuart when he had resigned as superintendent of the Greenup City Schools, quit writing short stories, borrowed money, and begun selling off chickens and cattle from his farm—all in order to concentrate on two manuscripts. The $10,000 Dodd, Mead and *Pictorial Review* prize helped Margaret Flint start off a career as a novelist (she is now on her tenth book) and send her children to Louisiana State, after years of selling nothing but newspaper articles. Mari Sandoz submitted "Old Jules" in turn to a dozen big publishers, beginning with A—Appleton, A—Atlantic, collected rejection slips and opinions as to why the book was not acceptable, and retyped the pages where cigarette burns or orange-juice stains showed that readers had taken time out for refreshments. When she had run through the list and was back to A once more, she submitted it again, winning on her second try the *Atlantic Monthly*-Little, Brown Non-Fiction prize of $5,000. Though this prize lowered the book in the eyes of those she wished to please —historians and sociologists—she was encouraged to complete two other manuscripts, "Slogum House" and "Crazy Horse."

Bright omens for the future are the awards, given in advance, that help one write his book. The literary fellowships offered by Alfred A. Knopf, Houghton Mifflin (Life in America), Dodd, Mead (Intercollegiate), Doubleday, Doran and 20th Century-Fox (New Writers Contest), and the grants made by the Guggenheim Foundation, the Eugene E. Saxton Trust, and the Social Science Research Council, represent the finest sort of literary aid now available. Fellowships are subsidies that enable a writer to show whether he can work if given the chance, including freedom from the insistent pressure of making a living.

A HOUGHTON MIFFLIN fellowship enabled David Cornel DeJong to write "Old Haven" when his finances were at a low ebb. He would have written the book anyway, but not so soon, Fawn Brodie was already writing on Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, but her Knopf fellowship both gave her great encouragement and allowed her to travel from Vermont to California gathering Mormon materials. Hugh MacLennan, Guggenheim fellow, says of his fiction award, "It has given me time, for the first occasion in my life, to devote myself entirely to a difficult book and a difficult problem." Jeremy Ingalls, poet, has accomplished more in nine months on a Guggenheim than during the previous twelve years while she was teaching school.

Some of the literary contests are sparking an interest in contemporary problems. Doubleday, Doran's George Washington Carver Award will be given whenever a full-length manuscript dealing with the American Negro is received, which the editors consider worthy of this special recognition. The award is $1,500 outright, plus $1,000 as an advance against royalties. Julian Messner, Inc., has just announced an award of $3,000 for the best book combating racial, religious, social, or economic intolerance in America. It may be a novel, biography, a historical or scientific work, a play,

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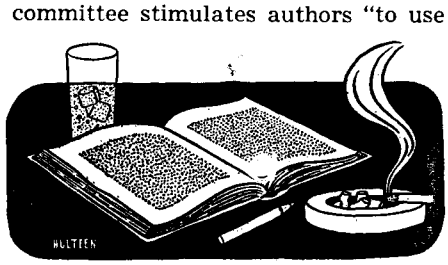
poem, essay, or a pictorial presentation. The Random House $2,500 Servicemen's Prize Contest is for the best book on the general subject of the return home and the adjustment to civilian life. Reynal & Hitchcock's Youth Today Contest carries an award of $2,000 plus $1,500 advance royalties for fiction or non-fiction dealing with the problems of American youth, and designed for any age group from eight to eighteen.

Clearly most contests are designed to benefit publishers as well as writers. Competitions, which on the average select the top three per cent of the manuscripts sent in, are a way the book trade successfully scouts for authors. Prize books do not necessarily sell better than others, but with proper publicity they often sell very well. Even if the sales are average, a writer may be started on a career that will profit all concerned. And many contestants who fail to win get awards. The Macmillan Centenary Awards to men in the Anglo-American armed forces and Dutton's $5,000 G.I. Joe Literary Award search for new talent where there is plenty to be found. William Morrow sponsors the Covered Wagon Contest, for girls' books written by librarians, in order to build up its girls' juvenile list. Doubleday, Doran offers its $20,000 Prize Novel Contest as "designed primarily to secure and promote outstanding novels, by any writers, new or established," promising the winner a minimum of $7,500 for an all-out advertising campaign. The Frederick Fell, Inc., Prize Novel Award of $3,000 against royalties also carries a guarantee of at least $10,000 for advertising and publicity. While not a contest, Simon & Schuster has established a new department—the Venture Press—to promote the discovery of new talent and give established writers an opportunity for their first work in new fields. In offering its semi-annual Red Badge $1,000 Prize Competition for mystery-detective novels and their $10,000 Prize Novel Competition in conjunction with *Redbook Magazine,* Dodd, Mead is motivated, says an official, as is the fisherman "who baits a hook and drops it over the side of his boat," hoping "to land a fish, and maybe two or three."

THE award made by Loew's, Inc., for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Annual Novel Award is as frankly commercial in intent as it is sensational in amount. Through this contest the corporation acquires rights to a likely box office hit for something less than the fabulous price a "For Whom the Bell Tolls" or "Saratoga Trunk" commands in the open market. M.G.M. claims it wishes to encourage writers "to fulfill themselves as writers" and write narratives that turn on perception of human character, not to write down for the movies. The award must be made to a book which before its entry into the competition has been accepted by an established publisher. In last year's first award, M.G.M. gave the $125,000 prize to Elizabeth Goudge's elaborate concoction of sentimentality and romance, "Green Dolphin Street." Like bookselling devices such as reprints arranged in advance, selection by book clubs, and the biggest publishers' prizes, the M.G.M. contest dramatizes a literary evil. Profit-motivated contrivances can force an inferior book into enormous sales and give it falsely the prestige of "the best novel of the year."

The relatively unremunerative noncommercial awards propose only to further a program of cultural values. The Anisfield-Wolf Award, sponsored by *The Saturday Review,* for example, gives $2,000 for sound significant books on racial relations, such as Roi Ottley's "New World A-Coming"; and the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters gave literature awards of $1,000 each, in May to Kenneth Fearing, Feike Feikema, Norman Rosten, Jean Stafford, Marguerite Young, and Alexander Greendale—"for outstanding achievements in the field of literature with the purpose of enabling the recipients to continue creative work." The O. Henry Memorial awards go to excellent short stories. The Dramatists' Alliance of Stanford University gives to playwrights encouragement surpassing that given by any other college in America. The $100 verse drama award in the name of Maxwell Anderson, the comedy and one-act awards, supply a critical reading audience, and often a little theater audience, to playwrights who have almost lost heart because they cannot get any interest shown in their work. The Alliance argues that the American theater "is lagging behind other arts except in the community and college theatres," and urges writers to try for local production and royalty-bearing publication by houses such as Samuel French. The University of Minnesota Committee on Regional Writing, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, wants to develop the human resources in the Central Northwest. On the principle that it takes strong, developed communities to make a strong nation, the committee stimulates authors "to use their resources at their own back doors—not in provincial, local color, or antiquarian places, but in regional manifestations and dramatizations of universal themes and problems."



However strong their artistic drive, prize losers are often embittered. And prize winners, like authors of best sellers, are sometimes distressed by the publicity, tortured by the thought that the next book must live up to the reputation of the first, or tempted by the profits of commercialism. They are pestered by fan mail. In the first year after winning $10,000 for "Young Dr. Galahad" Elizabeth Seifert received requests totalling $21,600 for a share in her good fortune. Like Hollywood players, winners may find themselves distressingly typed. After Mr. DeJong had won his prize for "Old Haven" he found publishers were convinced he should do only the Dutch scene, though he had left Holland when he was twelve and was interested in American life. Upon winning a Harper Prize Novel Contest with "Children of God" Vardis Fisher learned he was expected to concentrate on historical novels, yet his concern with such was strictly limited.

If a writer takes a prize as it comes neither he nor cultural life is harmed. Roi Ottley, winner of a Life in America award for "New World A-Coming," takes his prize as a mere lucky break, since as a writer he is "concerned with being heard—rather than the business of receiving prizes." Upton Sinclair, veteran battler for downtrodden humanity, finds the Pulitzer Prize for "Dragon's Teeth" pleasant but incidental. "I write because I have something to say, and I am always quite certain that the book I am writing is the best I have ever written." He has never entered contests, because "prizes are not usually awarded to Socialist novelists," and hopes that the Pulitzer will increase the influence of his "World's End" series, which he will continue until he can bury Hitler.

No longer novelties, literary contests have multiplied prizes almost beyond the amount of talent attractable. Since they are part of an era when writing is more a profession or a business than an art, they generally mean popular appeal and saleability rather than genuine literary merit. The present uncoordinated system of privately awarded prizes is inadequate, but it fosters fewer evils than a French Academy or a totalitarian state control. As Muriel Rukeyser suggests, ideally we need a system in which there is no false competitive element at all, but a set of discriminating judges who grant aid anytime and anywhere it is needed. Prizes are at their best when they spur on young and unknown artists by giving them time, money, self-confidence, and a reputable status.

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Currents of the French Revolution

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By J. M. Thompson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 591 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by LEO GERSHOY

THIS is a truly remarkable work, this learned and wise study from the pen of the leading English scholar of the French Revolution. One would be tempted to say Olympian as well, were it not so deeply English—and only too often its English mood clashes with its classical temper. Yet this vast and encyclopedic work is utterly indispensable to anyone who wishes to follow the Revolution in its details, to appreciate the personalities of the actors, to follow the events as they developed so rapidly and so dramatically, to understand the complex and quickly changing relationships between the monarch and the assembly, the parties with the country, the countryside with the city and, not least, of France with the rest of Europe.

The readers will get these appreciations from a deep admirer of the English constitutional pattern. Mr. Thompson writes in the full tradition of English liberalism. He dislikes disturbances and mobs. He abhors the mob spirit. He deplores the excesses to which the revolutionary temper inevitably leads. This is to say he likes revolutions not at all. Yet he is so steeped in knowledge and so imbued with historical sympathy for the great period which he examines that we get from him, his dislike for centralization and compulsion notwithstanding, better perhaps than from any other single work in English, a sense of the profound truth that in a revolutionary crisis even more than in normal times human hopes and fears and yearnings are the very stuff of history.

There is a quality of appreciation in his book that reminds one of the admirable skill with which Thucydides analyzed the play of forces in the Greek world of the fifth century. However much he abhors the psychological compulsions of the revolutionary leaders, the principal thing is that he understands them, and understanding the interplay of personal desires and popular demands, he comprehends that the revolution possessed an inner logic or morality that had to be served even if on occasion they contradicted historical precedents and deviated from the more formal codes of morality.

Perhaps the best insight into his attitude, and the best indication of the tone of his work, is his evaluation of individual leaders and his interpretation of Jacobinism. The king he treats as a stupid and conniving person who, with the perseverance of a weak man, always hoped and always planned, even when to others it was apparent that the game was played out. He displays an involuntary admiration for the charming and decisive Marie Antoinette. Without sparing or condoning her role as a leader of the anti-revolution, he admires her as the eternal rebel and born prison-breaker. Naturally, the villains of the piece are Marat and Robespierre, and the great heroes are Mirabeau and Danton. For Mirabeau his admiration is mingled with aversion, and he paraphrases with approval an earlier description which had Mirabeau resembling Wilkes in the lower part of his character, and Chatham in his higher qualities. But most of all he melts in admiration for Danton, the "grand seigneur de sans-culottisme." Where Robespierre planned, Danton improvised; where Robespierre sermonized, Danton scoffed; where Robespierre idealized and intrigued, Danton trusted and understood, and where the Incorruptible pointed the country to Virtue, Danton piloted it to victory. And without denying the charges of bribery which have been levelled against Danton, he intimates that perhaps his services to the Revolution far outweighed his departure from more normal codes of behavior.

Of the victory of Jacobinism, which assuredly he does not like, Mr. Thompson writes with simple justice that it could not have been accomplished simply by party intrigues or the threat of a mob. The victory signified that Jacobinism was thoroughly identified with the Revolution. And it meant that anti-Jacobinism was identified with counter-revolution. Thus the French people willed it. The dictatorial regime of the Jacobins was not imposed from outside. It was evolved from within.

On Jacobinism triumphant he takes over and humanizes Mathiez's thesis of the continuity of the dictatorship from the early days of the revolution. He explains that at no exact point one ceased being a Girondin and became a Jacobin. At no exact moment did the country change over from a Girondin to a Jacobin government.

> The process of conversion started behind the battlefront. It was due, not to the shock troops of argument, but to the paratroops of hard fact. . . . The removal of the Girondins, like the removal of the king, did not reverse the engine of state. It only released the brakes which had hitherto retarded its progress.

Again in characterizing the Jacobin regime as a constitutional expedient of the greatest importance, Mr. Thompson states with fine understanding that it was an expedient due to sheer political necessity. Robespierre was right, he contends, when the Jacobin leader said that Jacobinism was "as novel as the Revolution that led to it." It was not to be found in books by political writers who had never anticipated it. It was happy improvisation, and that, says the author, "is, after all, how constitutional changes are generally made."

Here then is a book to which many a reader will take violent exception for its treatment of particular tendencies or its appreciation of particular individuals. But better than any other work in the English language, it conveys a profound sense of the popular instincts and aspirations of revolutionary France. In it one will find magnificent appreciation of the mood of the country, the heightened emotions, the alarms, the irritability, and the irrationality that were born of the continuing and interrelated crises. Finally, one will find in it a wonderful feeling of the new world that was being born—how painful and ugly and cruel that birth was, but also a sympathetic awareness of how glorious and inspiring and triumphant it was.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 592)

RUSSELL B. NYE:
GEORGE BANCROFT
(BRAHMIN REBEL)

As a historian, Bancroft's significance lies not so much in . . . that he was the first renowned historian of America, but in the manner in which he wrote and interpreted that history, in the temper of the optimistic, idealist golden day.

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CHEER UP! FIGHTING AHEAD

THE other day we listened to a well-known writer attempt to justify his lack of enthusiasm for the United Nations Charter. To do him credit, it should be said that for the last five years he has been active in the fight for international organization and has been prominently identified with the work of Americans United for World Organization, the coördinating agency of all citizens' groups pledged to an interdependent peace.

But now our friend has his doubts. He is suspicious and unhappy. He is afraid that the Charter may be worthless. He explains this fear by a bizarre form of reasoning based on the absence of any effective opposition to the Charter. The very strength of the Charter in the Senate is held by him to be proof of its weakness. Its near-unanimous passage indicates to him that it was inadequate enough to win over practically the entire run of Senate isolationists.

What has happened seems clear. Prepared for a full-scale fight over the Charter, our friend sallied forth onto the battlefield with arms swinging only to be handed an invitation to the dance. It turned out to be less a battlefield than a tea-room where the disputants were waltzing with each other to the sweet strains for "We Stroll the Lane Together." Sheepish and nonplussed, our friend drew off to a corner, surveyed the general goings-on, and then, in an air of hurt and distrust, decided he would have none of it. Which proves the truth of William Blake's observation that a movement tends to lose its followers when it ceases to be controversial.

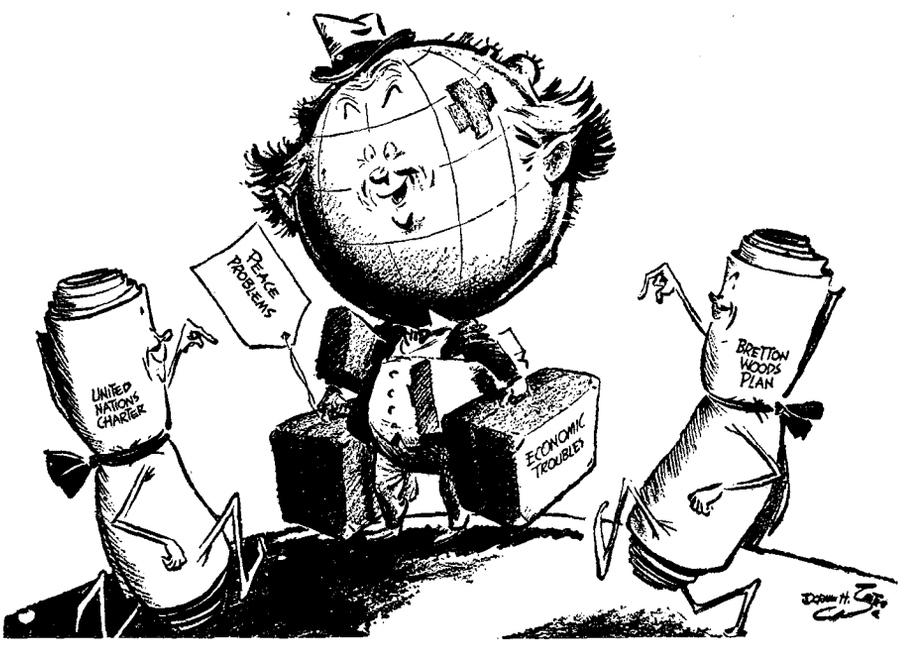
And so our friend cannot bring himself to support the Charter. Nor is his attitude unique. On all sides, you hear of once-ardent internationalists who are now singularly unheated over the Charter—not necessarily because they believe that the Charter is poor, but because of the many fine things said about it by those who, by any test of history or experience, should have damned it in a fine froth of invective. This affection has been too much for some of the Charter's old friends to digest. As a result, they themselves have become quick-change artists, living in a world of opposites where their positions are automatically determined by the positions of the other side.

"We are not satisfied to be right," Hazlitt said, "unless we can prove others to be quite wrong." In line with this, Heywood Broun once jestingly remarked that it was no trouble at all for him to decide how he felt about any given issue; all he had to do was to look up Bishop Manning, for then he knew where his own position was not. Broun was only quipping, but the theory of opposites has the law of force behind it with too many people. It is a convenient device and helps to maintain an economy of intellect, conserving vital cerebral energy for the ultimate objective—a state of cranial contraception where no one need ever fear the danger of insemination from even the most virile idea.

But the job of building the peace may require something more for a foundation than the theory and practice of opposites. It will require a relentless and prodding affirmation—not the type of affirmation that blinds itself to weakness and softspots, but an affirmation that sees weaknesses and softspots as a challenge and as the first order of business. Certainly it is absurd to say, as did one dry-eyed commentator, that "the Charter was bad enough to be passed by an overwhelming majority." What he missed was not only the fact that almost every change at San Francisco from the blueprints drawn up at Dumbarton Oaks was in the direction of strengthening the Charter, but that there was good and sufficient reason for the lack of substantial opposition in the Senate.

Here we have the gaping hole in the entire argument of the quick-changers, for they have allowed themselves to be scared off too easily. The isolationists did not really fall in love with the Charter. Behind their forced smiles and off-key lullabies was a not unimportant consideration—they dared not oppose it. Public opinion polls showed popular support running better than twenty to one—by far the most emphatic expression by the American people on any issue in recent years. As part of the background, too, there was the repudiation at the polls in the last election of the bitter-ending isolationists. When a Congressman remarked that opposition to the Charter was political suicide, he was voicing a generally accepted rule of business on Capitol Hill. Thus, the obvious strategy of the opponents of international organization is to embrace the Charter today with intent to defraud later, when questions of specific implementation come up, such as authority for the American delegate, use of American troops, and economic and social participation. Right now, however, it is sound statesmanship and politics to keep the voting record in good and practical working order.

As for those who seem to have lost heart for the Charter because of its support by the anti-internationalists, we have what we hope may be a welcome message: Cheer up! You can still find opposition to the Charter if you look for it. *The Chicago Tribune*



—*Smith, in the* Lynchburg News.

"Carry your baggage, mister."

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and *The New York Daily News* are solidly against it with every convincing argument that the eleventh century has to offer. As for the others, don't be discouraged because they have temporarily hoisted the white flag. For at least five years, you have battled to arouse public opinion to the critical need of world organization. That fight has now been won. But don't change sides now because the news seems too good to be true. Don't be alarmed because the majority now agrees with you. Try to get used to the idea of winning. For there is still plenty of fighting ahead.

The crucial thing now is to keep on winning. The Charter has been born, but it will have to fight for its very life at every turn. There will be pitched battles not only over the specific relationship of the United States to the United Nations, but over the growing form of the organization itself. Isolation in America may not be dead but it is sufficiently discredited to cause it to abandon its traditional position. The big question before us today and tomorrow, then, will not be isolation vs. internationalism, but weak vs. strong international organization. No one will argue against the Charter, but the attempt will be made to water it down, to make it impotent.

The fight of the internationalists should be for rigid limitation of national sovereignty. For no world organization can be fully equipped to keep the peace until its members surrender the right to secede at any given point. Until the controls over war become more powerful than war itself the human race will live precariously under a constant and increasing threat of total obliteration. For totality in war has been raised to the dimensions of the globe itself—totality not only as to geography, but totality as to effects.

The challenge and the opportunity then is to move from weakness to strength, from the present organization of nations to a real community of nations. The Charter itself provides the machinery. Nothing is more explicit in the Charter than the right to change or improve the structure of the United Nations to meet changing needs. But it is more than a right. It is a duty.

N. C.

Jim Jumbo

SONG OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL GENIUS

By Maurice Stoller

A GNARLED old toolmaker speaks:
Have you heard of Jim Jumbo, that engineerin' fool,
With a brain like a razor-blade edge?
Got an arm like a crane, with a stretch from here to Maine,
And a punch like a thousand-ton sledge!

He rides a conveyor, bucking bronco style,
His speed makes the lightning look sick:
He wears a steel tie, like a regular guy;
And a watch that runs without a tick!

Now there's a gent—travels in double-high gear;
There's nothin' he can't engineer!

See that hair there? You think it's mighty fine?
Jim'll split it into nine hundred thousand, nine hundred'n ninety-nine;
Want an Automatic that can see and hear and feel?
Call Yo ho! Jim Jumbo!

Is it battleships you need? Aeroplanes, but with speed?
Call Yo ho! Jim Jumbo!
He'll harness the waves; streamline the slums;
Make the gods and wizards look like—bums.

Why he's the guy who put the machine in the Machine Age . . . he was born with a cold rifle-barrel in his mouth . . . and reared up in the stratosphere . . . carries a machine tool in his hip pocket . . . and winks a photo-electric eye —there he is!

Jim Jumbo speaks:

Yo ya ho! Hey hi ho! I'm the generalissimo . . .
Mechanical, industrial, technical and mercantile all-around grease monkey, Jim Jumbo!

My name's Jim Jumbo, not Paul Revere,
But I'm ridin' like hell to warn you:
The Enemy's here!
So keep 'em rolling, boys! Keep 'em flyin'!
Hey, work away!

Come on, you machinery, rumble and groan!
Come on you motors, moan!
Come on, you spindles, spin . . . !
America's in battle—Jim Jumbo's out to win!
Let the chips curl, feller; let the hot chips fly,
You square-holed, saw-toothed, push-pull, jig-boring worm grinder!
This is work for a man—hi!
True 'er up true, feller; screw 'er up tight;
Right on the nose, feller; she's got to be right!
'Cause men are fighting and men are dying . . .

For what . . . ? for Freedom . . . ! Freedom first, last and always!

That's what this ruckus is for.
Every mother's son of you in this war,
Listen! Jim Jumbo knows the score:

It's a battle of machines and production;
It's a contest of speed and time.
It's producers who count in this ruction;
And war bonds in nickels and dimes.

Listen, every mother's son of you:
Listen to this liberty-fed, freedom-oiled, republic-democratic Automatic.
I'm runnin' it! It's me and I'm it!
I'm workin' for it . . . pluggin' for it . . . writin' for it . . . fightin' for it . . . yessirree!
And if, and whenever it shall become necessary to lay down life for it
Count me in!
America's in battle—Jim Jumbo's out to win!

Let's put it in our pipes and smoke it—yo!
Let's plow it in our soil and sow it—ho!
Let's write it in our books and learn it—yo!
Let's mix it in our cream and churn it—ho!
Let's work it in our tools and true it—yo!
Get it under our skins and tattoo it—yo ho!

Freedom . . . forever . . . Freedom!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Strange Fruit" Again

SIR: On June 4, the Writers' War Board wrote the editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* as follows:

> I have been shown a letter sent to Green-Brodie, 420 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C., signed by B. A. Collins, National Advertising Manager of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* dated May 17, 1945. The letter was a reply to an order from Green-Brodie for an insertion of an advertisement in *The Plain Dealer,* for Lillian Smith's novel, "Strange Fruit"; and the letter states:
>
> "We are very sorry to advise you that *The Plain Dealer* management does not wish to publish advertising for this book."
>
> My immediate impulse was to take up the matter wtih the Authors' League of America, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* and various other publications, but it occurred to me that it would be well first to learn whether you are aware that such a refusal to advertise this book had been made by your Advertising Department. I would appreciate it if you would let me know at your earliest convenience.

On June 13 they wrote again to the editor as follows:

> Enclosed is a copy of a letter I wrote you on June 4 to which I have had no reply. I am writing this to ask you whether I may expect any.

This is July 30, and still there has been no reply from the editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer.* If you could spare the space, it seems to us that *The Saturday Review of Literature* is a proper medium to let American writers know that the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* considers itself ordained to decide which books are fit to read.

REX STOUT, *President,*
Writers' War Board.

New York, N. Y.

"Ode to a Cigar"

SIR: Whoever wrote the "Ode to a Cigar" sought by Gene Boardman Hoover, it was not Shelley. Shelley smoking a cigar is as unthinkable as Shelley drinking whiskey. If it were an ode to tea it might be different. I am afraid Gene Boardman Hoover's "literary beau" was taking advantage of her youthful ignorance!

MIRIAM DEFORD SHIPLEY.

San Francisco, Calif.

Distances at Walden

SIR: Before any memorial is erected to Thoreau at Walden Pond, as proposed, a little investigation might be made of the site now marked. Thoreau's own record, that of a professional surveyor, may be relied on. He said a half-dozen rods from the pond.

By actual measurement the present cairn is twice that distance, the four granite posts two and a half times. He also mentioned a view of the railroad, and a pond-hole behind—statements which do not fit the supposed location. Wherever the cabin was (and I believe I know where), it was not there.

Meanwhile, what about that pathetic ruin of the "Texas" house, which might disappear over night? And is the Thoreau-Alcott house yet made safe for posterity?

Incidentally, who stole Thoreau's copy of the Veda from the Antiquarian Society museum?

ELLIOTT ADAMS WHITE.

Concord, Mass.

"My U. S. O. training."

Mr. Maxwell and the West

SIR: May I quote a few lines from William Maxwell's review of "The City of Trembling Leaves?" [*SRL,* June 2].

"The tendency to explain, to probe, to analyze, is certainly more characteristic of the people of the eastern half of this country than it is of Westerners. Though born in the East, Walter Van Tilburg Clark is a Westerner in sympathy and spirit. Like the large landscapes with which the book is filled, his style is ample and spacious rather than compact. The reader whose life is not leisurely may find himself skipping paragraphs and even pages. . . . ' The City of Trembling Leaves' has something of the quality of a long and wonderful day out of doors, where you start from home early in the morning and come back late at night, tired, but full of mindless well-being. For an Easterner such days are comparatively rare, a break in the ordinary routine of life. For the Westerner they are likely to be the main substance of living."

By now, I imagine a great number of Westerners may have taken some of their leisure time to write to Mr. Maxwell concerning his view of the West. It is as amusing and vaguely annoying as the average Englishman's idea of the United States. Anyway, here's my comment:

> The mindless people of the West
> Replete with well-being and zest
> Return at night quite effervesced
> From daily junkets on the crest
> Of spacious, ample landscapes, blessed
> With leisure, spirits unrepressed.
> (Main substance of living in the West)
> An Indian's scalp, an eagle's nest
> A steer or two (they're quite a pest)
> Bear witness to diurnal quest.
> The weary Westerner goes to rest
> Too worn at night to beat his breast
> To probe, explain, or yet protest;
> No analytical digest
> Of life confirms a mind depressed.
> The East must worry, try to wrest
> An explanation, and suggest
> The way to better living, lest
> We all shall perish quite unblessed.

Does Mr. Maxwell know the map, "New Yorker's Idea of the United States"?

JEANNETTE G. MAINO.

El Cajon, Calif.

Sorry for Writers?

SIR: Recently Irwin Shaw wrote in *SRL* that he felt sorry for writers who have not seen this war. Surely it was a boyish thing to say, and very possibly an unhappy harbinger for a number of supersensitive writers who have not been to war. I would like to discuss his statement briefly, regardless of how boyish it is, because too many good writers who missed the last war

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show signs in their work that they secretly and guardedly suspect themselves of having missed their generation's boat.

I landed on D-Day with the Fourth Division and have been through five campaigns with the 12th Infantry. I am not technically or otherwise an infantryman—which is to say that I am not one of the unhappy men (still living) who put this war in the bag—but I am fairly qualified to express myself as a kind of veteran close observer who has been regularly exposed to fright, hopeless weather, and disaffection.

I have read a number of the novels about war which have been published in the last few years, including John Hersey's and Harry Brown's, and in my opinion the only good recent war novel is William Maxwell's "The Folded Leaf." I think it is entirely possible that the best war novel to be written is now in progress or contemplation back in America, and not, as Shaw believes; a thing to come several years from now and from the pen of some obscure combat veteran. I fully agree with him that the best novel about war will come several years from now and that it probably will be written by some obscure combat veteran. But a novel about war is one thing and a war novel another. Shaw must know, but should certainly be more conscious of, the difference between the two—or, at least, he should be less oracular. If he hadn't been to war himself, his article would have frightened hell out of me.

To be present in a formal war area may finally afford a writing man a grander perspective, but not necessarily a better one. Most important, it must be remembered that the object itself, truth, is an invariable and omnipresent thing. I am still too sick of the war to estimate sensibly its value to me as a writing man, but at this immature date I would guess, with the remains of my logic, that the war will have very little to do with making me a war writer—which is the only kind of writer I want to be.

I think that the only time to be sorry for a writer is when he doesn't write. Shaw oughtn't to frighten people with shallow theories. Many a good writer has gone under in an inch of misplaced regret.

J. D. SALINGER.

CIC Detachment 970/63
APO 655, c/o Pm, N. Y. C.

The Threat to American Newspapers

SIR: I should like to take issue with some of R. E. Wolseley's arguments in his article on "The Threat to American Newspapers."

First, I feel that his research on newspaper content is not up-to-date. The newsprint shortage (which dates from 1943, and not from 1940) has put the squeeze, not on news, but on what he calls "magazine ingredients," and what we call "features."

An immediate and almost universal casualty was the serial story. Next, the lunatic fringe features bit the dust. Then all comic strips were subjected to qualitative analysis. Many were dropped; the rest were reduced from five or six columns to four. After years in which big newspapers shoveled in type around ads, editors really began to "edit" and the result has been a marked improvement in selection and writing. Every newspaper worthy of the name long ago set a minimum news content and held to it at the sacrifice of thousands of lines of advertising. Few other civilian enterprises have kept faith with their customers so consistently.

Secondly, Mr. Wolseley misses the point in his alarm over the "magazine" influence. Perhaps it is a case of definitions. What he calls "magazine ingredients" I call junk. When I think of "magazine ingredients," I think of the qualities of good magazine work which newspapers need: broader perspective, deeper reporting, careful writing, intelligent use of type and illustrations.

Thirdly, I cannot share Mr. Wolseley's alarm over the fact that city and country newspapers are too much alike. Why not rejoice in the fact that the magnificently objective reports of the major press associations and the products of the better syndicates are available to every newspaper reader in the country, just as the best attractions on the air win national audiences?

No editor has to use everything that comes over the wires. Nor is the syndicate salesman's job quite the dream occupation he pictures. The test of a newspaper is not what is available to it in the way of wire services or columns, or comics, but what use the editors make of them.

Two other points:

1. Not all comics are blood-and-thunder serials in graphic form. "Li'l Abner," "Out Our Way," "Our Boarding House," that hardy perennial, "Mutt and Jeff," "Blondie," "Alley Oop" and many others are very funny. Even the greatest adventure strip of them all, "Terry and the Pirates," has plenty of good and subtle humor.

2. Mr. Wolseley criticizes the United Press for distributing a story on the Cleveland Press followup of the income tax return test. This story was good journalistic enterprise: it showed that the Treasury has cleaned up the income tax blank mess of the year before. He regards the Roosevelt dog story as an attempt to smear the President, "an attempt to carry out a policy." Undoubtedly many newspapers overplayed the story, but it was a good human interest yarn and perhaps a revealing one.

While the war has forced newspapers to reduce their reading matter drastically, in most cases the results have been for the better.

VINCENT S. JONES.

Outta Luzon

SIR: This addendum is a little late—the *SRL* is sometimes too slow getting out here. But the ears of those of your readers who enjoyed the article "Piccalilli on the Vernacular" may be ravished by this musical phrase heard often and long ago in my neighborhood:

"Who ya takin' pianna lessons offa?"

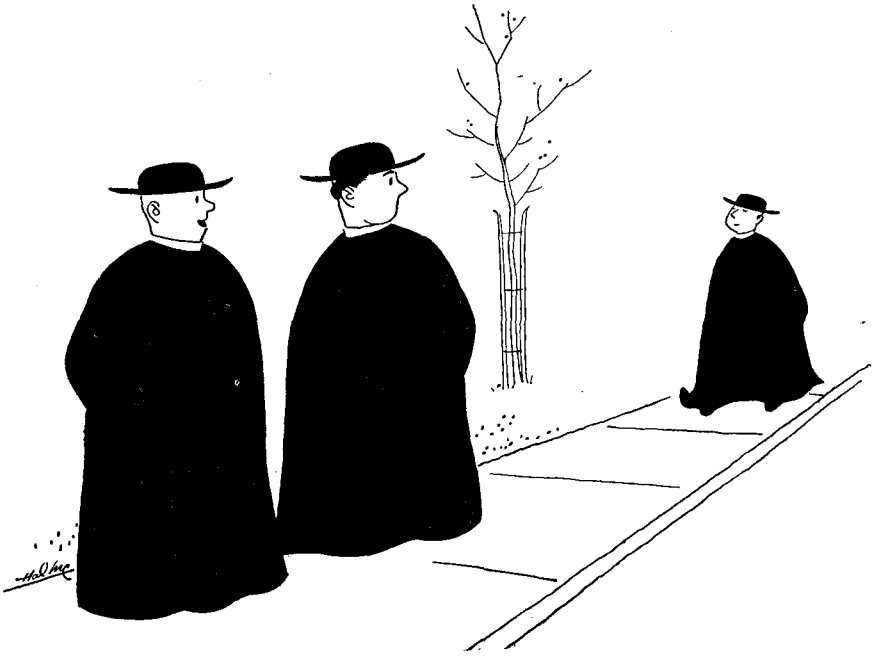
T/4 PHILIP W. HAGGARD.
61st Machine Records Unit.
Manila, Luzon, P.I.

Thanks to *Yank*

SIR: Congratulations on your *Yank* issue; but, oh, so much more, congratulations to American Literature for the power and talent there disclosed.

JOHN MILLS.

New York City.



"Well, speak of the devil!"

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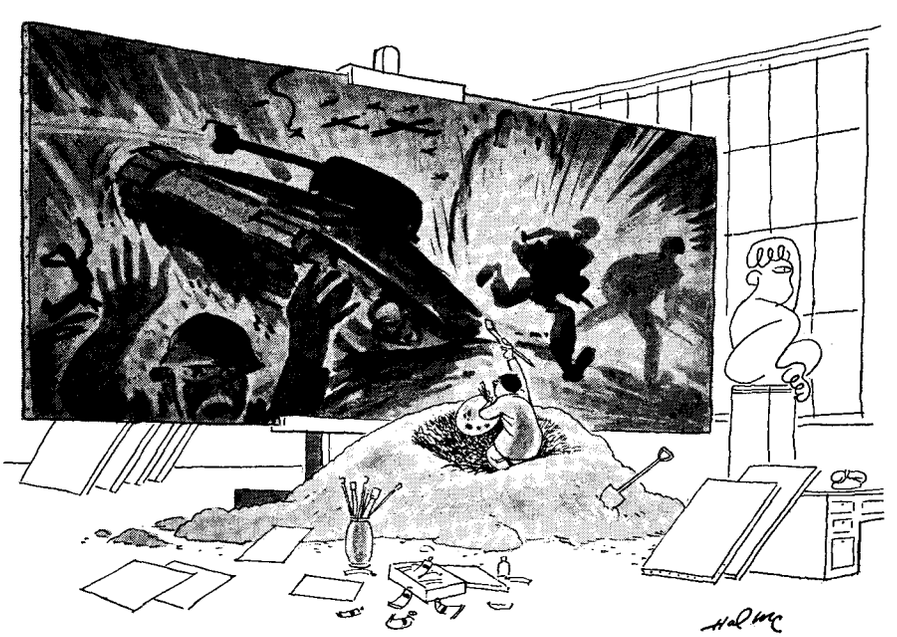
TRADE Winds

A WEALTHY AND popular figure in Manhattan's literary world lives in a perfectly appointed penthouse atop a midtown skyscraper that he owns. He sublet the penthouse for the summer to a lady whose references were impeccable, but who promptly turned his premises into a house of shame. Her business, furthermore, was absolute capacity from the first night on, and her silvery laughter tinkled into the soft night air when he turned up and implored her to pack up her duds and her dolls and go play somewhere else. The poor man was distraught. Police proceedings would endanger the value of the whole property and involve him in questionable front-page publicity. His wife and High Church friends, however, demanded action. A sudden inspiration solved everything. The magnate had an accountant who was a dead ringer for the detective in every stage play. He equipped this accountant with a derby and a little black notebook, and stationed him in the only elevator that serviced the penthouse from dusk to dawn. As every man entered this elevator, the accountant would eye him closely, then pull out his little book and make notes furiously therein. The objects of his scrutiny cringed visibly. Business began falling off incredibly at the penthouse, and two weeks later the baffled madame paid a five hundred dollar premium to get out of the balance of her lease. . . .

THIS, AS ONE probably forgotten sage* has remarked, is the golden age of the anthology. Give any amiable hack a pair of scissors and a paste pot, and he'll bring you back the day after tomorrow a fully annotated collection of "The World's Great Fish Stories," "Great Tales of Error and the Supercilious," "My Favorite Seventy-Three Nymphomaniacs," or "The Nursery Book of Famous Hatchet Murders." The miracle is that the faster they appear on the stands, the faster they sell. Bobbs-Merrill are compiling a collection of famous Christmas stories which the Book-of-the-Month Club is eyeing favorably. Edgar Johnson is hatching "A Treasury of the World's Greatest Satirists" for Simon and Schuster. Random House and the Literary Guild are bending their heads together over a "Bedside Book of Famous French Stories." David Appel plans an anthology of outstanding newspaper stories. Alfred Knopf, always the rugged individualist, has thirty-eight stories selected from Peruvian history ("Knights of the Cape"). Ellery Queen's new collection, "Rogue's Gallery," contains thirty-two stories about successful crooks. Van Cartmell and his alter ego are slaving in their customary one-day-a-month fashion over a collection of outstanding plays of crime and detection. Alfred Noyes is editing "The Golden Book of Catholic Poetry" (Lippincott); David McCord a collection of British and American humorous verse (Coward-McCann); Oscar Williams "The War Poets" (John Day). This is only a sample of the new anthology budget. To quote Dorothy Parker, you have no idea how many people are making a living from raiding good books. . . .

GERALD P. CAFFREY, Chief of the Department of Publications of the Milwaukee Public Library, edits a lively sheet called *The Milwaukee Reader* that I look forward to receiving every month with great pleasure. A few typical Caffrey jottings: In our East Side Neighborhood branch a youngster asked for "The Idiot and the Odyssey." It brought to mind Chris Morley's remark: "I'm no literary snob; I like both the 'Iliad' and *The Argosy.*" . . . A librarian was found shot to death in his office. A note at his side said that a second note explaining all would be found between pages 29 and 30 of the book on his desk. How did the canny dick know that this was more likely a case of murder than a suicide? Answer: a librarian would have known that book pages are printed with the odd numbers on the right and even numbers on the left, leaving no such place as "between pages 29 and 30." . . . A Milwaukee matron spied two green "aggies" gleaming like emeralds in the mud outside the library. Aware that this was the marbles season, she pounced upon the "aggies" and carried them off for her young grandson. At home she placed the marbles in the kitchen sink, let the hot water run over them to remove the mud, and busied herself preparing supper. When she came to get them, the sink was empty, and a faint odor of spearmint filled the air. . . .

GEORGE CLAY writes that erudite members of the armed forces in occupied territory have revived that plaguish old pastime, "Knock, Knock," but in a French version. Example one: "Toc, toc." "Qui frappe la porte?" "Henri." "Henri qui?" "Henri soit qui mal y pense." Example two: "Toc, toc." "Qui frappe la porte?" "Racine." "Racine qui?" "Fools Racine where angels fear to tread." ("Pretty Corneille, hey?," adds Clay.) They didn't revoke that non-fraternization rule a moment too soon! . . . I wish cherished readers of Trade Winds would stop sending puzzles this way. I can't resist tackling them, and since I am an unbelievable clunk at solving them, the resultant loss in man-hours is appalling. This one, for instance, which all you fiendishly clever people will solve in no time flat, cost me twenty-eight minutes, sixteen on the last word. The first blank is a word of one letter; the second, the same letter plus one other; the third, the same two letters plus one; and so on. Each successive blank uses all the letters from the previous filled-in word, transposed of course, plus one fresh letter. Everything clear?



*Bennett Cerf, in the foreword to "Modern American Short Stories" (World Pub. Co.).

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"Japanese High Command sends you birthday greetings —and regrets honorable services no longer required."

Proceed at will. Answer at the bottom of the next paragraph:

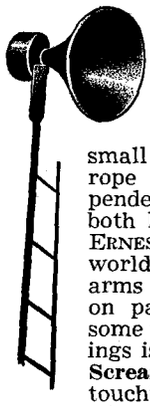
"— think — — a strange custom," said the man with the brown — — —, "and a queer — — — —. Tho' we — — — — — the body, we — — — — — — a — — — — — — — a memory of it. The — — — — — — — — of laws controlling ———————— indicates its — — — — — — — — — — —." . . .

AUTHORS WHO HAVE been out of touch with literary agencies of late will be confronted by some bewildering changes when they recommence their rounds. Carol Hill (Mrs. Carl Brandt) has retired from the field completely, to take over the very impressive job of heading the Eastern story and play department of MGM. Margot Johnson, long a pillar of the Ann Watkins outfit, has joined Mavis McIntosh and Donald Friede in the story department of A. and S. Lyons. Anne Watkins's son, Armitage, replaces Margot in the Watkins set-up. Marcella Powers has quit *Good Housekeeping* to become Frances Pindyck's assistant at the Leland Hayward office. Hastings Harcourt is now making like an agent with Feldman-Blum. All of them are hale and flourishing, and continue to scare the poor old publishers half to death. . . . Joe Brandt has reached New York via the University Presses at Princeton, Oklahoma, and Chicago, and succeeded to the presidency of Henry Holt and Company—a welcome and valuable addition to the local literary scene. . . . There will be a new editor of *Esquire*. Arnold Gingrich is headed for Switzerland to dig up new continental talent for *Esky* and write a couple of books of his own. . . . Most of the publishers who are missing from their desks are camping hopefully on Harry Hopkins's doorstep. When the door opens, they probably will discover that Cass Canfield of Harpers has been on the inside all the time. . . . Despite all travel restrictions, Dallas and Boston proceed blithely with their plans for book fairs this fall. . . . J. R. Dunlap writes that Bill Saroyan stepped on a scale in London, turned pale, and muttered, "My God, I weigh fourteen stone and six pebbles!" . . . Answer to the puzzle above: I, it, tie, rite, inter, retain, certain, creation, cremation, importance. . . .

BILL WEBER relays what sounds like a brand new addition to G. I. humor. A corporal was entertained by the Duchess at one of the Stately Homes of England. Upon his return to barracks, everybody was agog for details. "Well," he drawled, "if the water had been as cold as the soup, and if the soup had been as warm as the wine, and if the wine had been as old as the chicken, and if the chicken had been as young as the maid, and if the maid had been as willing as the Duchess—I probably never would have come home at all." . . . Also current is the story of two alley cats who strayed into the tennis championship matches at Forest Hills. After a few moments, one of the cats yawned elaborately and suggested leaving. "Let's wait, puss," demurred the other. "I understand my father's in the next set."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"



ONE OF THE things that keeps life continually fresh is that the turn in a person's life may pivot on a small, quick act. With ERNEST BOOTH the small act was the severing of a rope on which he was suspended. As he lay in a cast with both legs and his back broken, ERNEST BOOTH entered the world of the mind, and with his arms free he put his findings on paper. The latest part of some two million words of findings is embodied in **With Sirens Screaming,** a vigorous yet touching novel about a young couple who run afoul of the outmoded law.

Since he is an ex-convict, BOOTH'S luck and life have been of the toughest, yet he has managed to retain a swell sense of humor. In filling out a biographical questionnaire we sent him, he listed as his chief activities at school: baseball, football, handball, and hookey. In answer to the question—Have you any famous ancestors or relatives? he replied, "The rumors that a great uncle of mine shot Lincoln are not true. Refer any kindred inquiries to my attorneys."

BOOKS ON THE Negro tenth of our population have tended to consider them either from the standpoint of specific emotional experience as embodied in fiction, biography and autobiography, or from more heterogeneous ethical, ethnical, and social standpoints as embodied, for example, in BUCKLIN MOON'S **Primer for White Folks.** All standpoints are valuable so long as they are sincere, and the more of them that are presented to the reading public, the better.

Just now we have a new and comprehensive contribution. **They Seek a City** by ARNA BONTEMPS and JACK CONROY is the historical record of the four great Negro migrations within the United States. Covering the periods of the Underground Railroad, Emancipation, World War I, and the present World War, this book uncovers facts which South-

ern reactioners have thought were carefully cremated in ashes of neglect. Aside from the fact that this book is exciting reading this revelation piqued my curiosity.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

20° COOLER INSIDE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is on vacation. This is the third of a series of six guest columns to be published while he is away. The author of Seeing Things this week is Bosley Crowther, motion picture critic of* The New York Times.

DO you remember that glacial motto which the Broadway movie palaces used to display, beginning with the first warm day of summer and continuing until the corn was in the shock? It was a rime-ringed lobby placard which publicly proclaimed that the temperature within their spacious portals was precisely twenty degrees cooler than it was without. That motto, you know, became a fixture in the theatrical idiom —and to me it has always seemed the index to summer movie-going in New York.

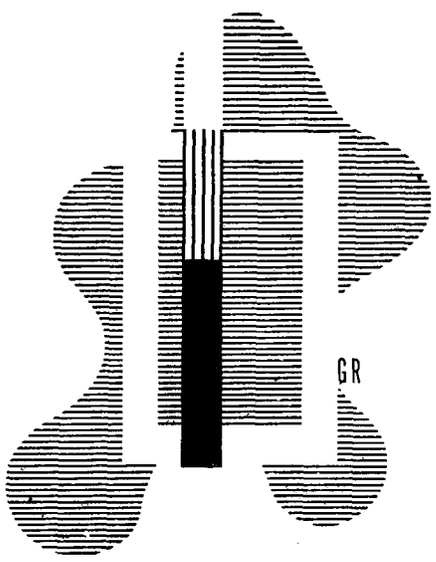
Twenty degrees cooler on the inside! By that established margin (Fahrenheit), the summertime movie-goer was promised consoling release—not from life's fitful fever, mind you, not from the cares of the world, but from the vicious and sapping oppression of the city's seasonal heat. I don't know that anybody ever put the motto to the test. That is, no sceptic, to my knowledge, ever carried a thermometer inside and made an exact comparison of meteorological conditions within and without.

But I still have a heavy suspicion that the theatres, unnatural to their wont, were modestly under-rating the atmospheric range. As I recollect my pre-war visits to those refrigerated vaults which had a theatrical appearance, the experience of entering one was something like burrowing your person into a boreal bank of snow. The frost would form on your pumpkin before you even took off your hat. Even as you came towards the theatre, you felt a decided weather change, and when you walked through the lobby the cold air would almost blizzard you back into the street. Inside, of course, the climate was ideal for icebergs and woe to the less hardy patrons who carelessly feel asleep.

By good fortune, the extremes of temperature are nothing like as severe today as they were before this country's manufacturrs were mobilized for war. Apparently, the makers of Freezite or Eci (that's ice spelled backwards, see) or whatever brumal preparation the theatres used to frost their air are rationed now in the quantities of deadener that they can supply. (Who is getting the rest of their product—and for what—is a mystery, indeed.) Today you get nothing like as frigid in a theatre as you did before the war. As a matter of fact, you can feel quite comfy in just one lightweight overcoat—all of which makes summer movie-going much less of a hazard than it used to be.

But it is just this accretion of comfort that bolsters my secret belief that folks in New York go to movies in the summer for something else than films. They don't go for psychic entertainment through the sensitive eye and ear. They go for relaxation of the subcutaneous nerves. They go for a change in climate (the native New Yorkers, I mean), like other more fortunate citizens go to the mountains or the beach—only, of course, the change is limited to a matter of three or four hours.

A recognition of Comfort as a theatrical *sine qua non* is, indeed, emphasized most clearly in the journals devoted to the trade. You might think, to read the advertisements in some of these unctuous organs, that theatres are not really theatres but modified hotels. These ads proclaim countless accessories for making the patron relax, from seats that conform to his contours to vapors that scent the ambient air. One enterprising chair-maker, more erudite than his peers, insists that his product protects one



from the "popliteal pressure" of a lengthy sit. It seems that the popliteal area is "behind and above the knee" —a pretty euphemism which even the village idiot should grasp And that's just one indication of solicitude for the customer's physical ease.

To expand my comfort theory somewhat, you might incidentally call to mind the "art" or "little" theatre movement which flourished a decade ago. Back in the Nineteen Thirties, you remember, there was quite a vogue for these tiny movie houses which showed deep-dish, macabre films. (Most of the pictures came from Europe and they were baffling little specimens, at best.) But the interesting thing was that the theatres in which these items were displayed went in with a most insistent fervor for social amenities. In their lobbies, felicitously furnished with low lights and easy chairs, patrons were graciously encouraged to sip free coffee and chat. Apparently the films which were unreeling on the handkerchief screens inside were purely incidental to the social atmosphere. Things went along quite nicely until the managers significantly perceived that they were urning more coffee than profits. Thereafter the movement declined.

But to get back to my main theme (which may take some getting back to, pal!), this business of summer movie-going in New York has another side of late. More noticeable this season than in any season past have been the number of people in the city from out of town. These visitors, quietly gazing tourists, are here (one must generously presume) to greet returning soldiers or to join their service relatives on leave. And, of course, they flock to the movies. But to see the movies, do you think? Well, you'd better think again, brother. Even the showmen don't kid themselves.

They go to the big movie houses—like the Radio City Music Hall—to look at those mammoth pavilions as they would look at the Palace at Versailles. They go to behold the architecture, the stages that raise and lower, the cavernous lounges lined with mirrors and the Pompeian elegance. They go, after whipping their doggies to pulps on the hard sidewalks, to sink back into those divans or those super-upholstered chairs which have virtually all the qualifications of a bed, lacking blankets and sheets. They go to enjoy the refreshment assured by that "Cooler Inside." They may even go (which is reasonable *this* summer) to get in out of the rain.

Well, they may *also* go to see the movie. But that's an added attraction as it were, like Bank Night and Bingo and dishes used to be in the neighborhood barns. That's the extra pair of

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Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
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trousers that you get with the Pompeian suite, the beautiful panorama from the porch of the mountain hotel. Don't get me wrong; I'm not trying to slight the popularity of films. (I make my living keeping people—earnest people—informed about them.) But I do mean to state that movie-going in the summertime along Broadway is not characterized by a passionate devotion to the cinema.

As a matter of fact, the very nature of theatrical salesmanship—whether it consciously means to—dismisses the basis of the art. Most movies are studiously intended to hold the audience in suspense, to keep the customer literally sitting on the edge of his chair. Yet the theatres precisely invite you to come in and relax, to cool off, to plant yourself completely in the depths of a carefully contoured seat.

Obviously, too much comfort is bad for the intensity of a film. Your faculties incline to soporism when your muscles and nerves are relaxed. The pragmatic proof of this theory is evident in the amount of yawning and drowsing and snoring that you get in a theatre of a night. The old New England deacons had the sternly practical approach when they made pews in their churches of straight and unyielding boards.

And the parallel proof that comfort is not essential to the enjoyment of a show is to be had in the stories that come back of our soldiers seeing movies at the fronts. Out there, in the so-called "beachhead Bijous," they sit on boxes and planks, in the sizzling night or chilling downpours, to watch a flickering movie show. Some of them even perch in palm trees (which must be hell on that popliteal place) or roost on the girders of hangars. And, boy, what a swell time they have!

Now, I'm not for one minute advocating that our theatres take an opposite course, that they scrap their air-conditioning and refurnish their auditoria with stools. My anxiety for the cinema's future doesn't carry me as far as that. But I would like to make a suggestion—and reiterate my point. The suggestion is that the theatres, once embarked on this summer campaign of luring the customers with comforts, go one step further with the thing. Let them put swimming pools in their basements, spread sand up and down the aisles, balm the air with salty vapors and loan each customer a bathing suit. They might even have a kindly fellow go around tossing sand in people's eyes.

And my point (if you remember) is that you shouldn't believe in lobby signs.

BOSLEY CROWTHER.

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LET'S NOT STOP BUYING WAR BONDS

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Literature of Hispanic America

LITERARY CURRENTS IN HISPANIC AMERICA. By Pedro Henriquez-Ureña. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1945. 345 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY POORE

HERE, in permanent form, are the Charles Eliot Norton lectures of the winter of 1940-1941. In the years since they were delivered at the Fogg Museum Mr. Henriquez-Ureña has enlarged and rewritten the text, has added a bibliography, an index, and some eighty pages of scholarly notes—additions which together provide almost as much new material as the lectures themselves. The eight original talks, at first designed to deal only with the literature of Hispanic America, have become eight chapters dealing with the literature of a whole continent; and as if not content with taking Brazil into the fold, Mr. Henriquez-Ureña has further extended his plan to include a variety of material on painting, sculpture, music, and architecture.

The project is an ambitious one. It is nothing less than an attempt to provide, in the space of two hundred pages, a review of all literary and artistic activity in Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking America from the conquest to the present war. It is a task from which the bravest might shrink. That Mr. Henriquez-Ureña has performed it with remarkable success will surprise no one familiar with his mature scholarship and unfailing skill in the arrangement of innumerable dates and names. He belongs, after all, to a family in which intellectual achievement is a tradition. He has held honored posts in more than one of our universities. He is at present Director of the Institute of Philology in Buenos Aires and Professor of Spanish Literature and Philology in the University of La Plata. He has brought to this present work a wealth of documentation and a breadth of knowledge which will make any similar attempt unnecessary for a long time to come. Scholars will find his book valuable for its bibliography and notes alone.

Whatever a widely informed author can do for us in the way of combining a vast range of subject matter with a convenient brevity, Mr. Henriquez-Ureña has done. To add that there are certain things he wisely does not seek to do within his limited frame is merely to offer one more evidence of his good judgment. The book calls itself correctly a cultural survey. To survey, we know, is to view from a height. The beauty of such a view is that it enables us to see a large number of things at once and to perceive their relations as we could never do at close range. At the same time it is in the nature of things seen from a height to appear diminished in size. Thus in the present book even such imposing figures as Juan Ruiz de Alarcón and Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz appear considerably less than life size.

Though we see them related to their predecessors and to their own times, we do not see them very clearly as individual writers. Of the first we are told what Montalaván, Ferdinand Wolf, Fitzmaurice-Kelly, and José Bergamin have said about his plays; that on one of them, "La Verdad sospechosa," Corneille founded "Le Menteur"; that his style is limpid and his scenes clear-cut; but what his plays are like in themselves we learn only so far as general description can tell us. Of Sor Juana, again, we are told many interesting things; what we do not hear about in any detail are her works. Authors less remarkable than these become still more shadowy. Of twelve historians listed, when we have enjoyed their wonderful names—Hernando Alvarado Tezozómoc (ca. 1520—ca. 1600) and Fernando de Alba Ixtlilxóchitl (ca. 1568—ca. 1648) are among them—we learn simply that they "are good historians, and their work combines with that of the chroniclers of European birth to give us a complete picture of our first colonial century." Doubtless the statement is true and perhaps it is enough. It would require, in any case, a book composed on quite another scale to tell us why they were all good and in what ways they differed from one another. The difficulty of dealing adequately with a multitude of names within a limited space is particularly evident in the passages concerning Brazilian writers. Here the comment becomes still more scanty. The few sentences devoted to Euclides da Cunha, for example, fail to convey either his special quality or a clear idea of his importance.

Moreover, in such a survey as this, there is room to quote an author's own words only on the rarest occasions. Too often, in consequence, the effect is like that of reading a history of painting in which no paintings are reproduced. We may admire, as we do here, the deft brevity of the author's judgments; we may feel sure, as again we do, that our guide is loyal and will not lead us astray. But critical talk, however interesting, when it is unaccompanied by examples, leaves us not much the wiser in the end; for all our desire to remember what the critic has said, his remarks soon float from our minds if there is no object handy to which we can moor them. Four lines of poetry, aptly quoted, will, on the other hand, tell us in a flash more than pages of comment could do and will be remembered without effort for years. The present lectures, where painting and architecture are the subject of discussion, doubtless suffered much less from lack of illustration in their original form than they do here; at the Fogg Museum, we are told, they were accompanied by slides which enabled the audience to follow closely the lecturer's argument. It is unfortunate that the difficulty of producing books in war time should have prevented the publisher from including at least a few reproductions of the churches and paintings discussed.

The answer, we are ready to grant, is that we should ask neither ample illustration nor exhaustive criticism in a survey. The detailed description of particular works belongs elsewhere—in a monograph or in a study of a particular period. No one could be better equipped than Mr. Henriquez-Ureña himself to give us those more extended studies which would illuminate the subject matter of these pages. He has already done so, indeed, in many articles as yet untranslated. Till he chooses to collect them for our benefit, or till other scholars have filled in the outline he has sketched, the present survey will remain an indispensable handbook to its subject.

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I have had a *terrifying* experience!

BY STRUTHERS BURT AUTHOR OF "THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE", "THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS" AND TWO DOZEN OTHER BOOKS

THIS IS how it was. One day in New York I met a Pole named Arthur Szyk.

He had had an interesting history. Born in Warsaw, as a young man he had fought in the Polish army, and then he had become a famous miniaturist. His cartoons show the latter fact: the detail, the precise, jewel-like quality.

When the Germans struck at his native country, he had been living in England for a number of years, and before he could take a breath, all his immediate family in Warsaw had been wiped out—murdered—including his aged mother, and all his wife's immediate family—eight—had been wiped out, except one brother serving with the Russian army. With that, the miniaturist became a cartoonist, dedicated to fighting the horror that was threatening the world. And because he had dedicated himself, he came to America, as it seemed to him that America was the strongest fortress of democracy extant. People who are really dedicated do not as a rule talk much about it. People who have tasted the dregs of wretchedness and horror are as a rule silent. It is the unscathed who argue. The cartoonist is a small, round, smiling, gentle man.

You have heard the wise and ancient Chinese saying that "one picture is worth a thousand words." In the last war there had been the cartoons of Raemakers, the great Belgian, and the cartoons of Bruce Bairnsfather, and it had been generally agreed that they had been worth at least fifteen divisions. Well, this Pole had made some drawings of the Germans, of the Japs, of Mussolini; wonderful drawings, these, by a wonderful artist. But a few words were necessary, and so I was asked to do them. I was asked to do them because, before the last war, I had gone to a German university, and because, ever since, German "kulture" had troubled and alarmed me.

His drawings terrified me, although they were beautiful! I would think of the cartoonist, and his wife, and the millions and millions in Europe who know now what murder is. Gentle people like the cartoonist; good people; people who had done no harm. For the cartoonist and his wife are only two amongst a multitude. And I kept thinking about the creeping horror, too, and how unless we learned to face it, and analyze it, and realize it, and hate it for what it is, with the bitter and unbending contempt it deserves, sooner or later it would catch up with us again.

Don't you think that is terrifying? I do. So I went back to North Carolina, and wrote a long comment about Arthur Szyk's drawings, to put into a book which would tell America the origin, the real design, of the creeping horror that twice within thirty years has threatened the world. Twice within thirty years! More than forty times without due cause the Germans have attacked Europe. Of late, attacking the whole world.

Now, the significance of this, the real face of the horror, what is back of it, and what it has done to the world, and what it will continue to do unless finally checked, is at long last, and after many centuries, known to all nations engaged in fighting it except ourselves. You do not have to tell the Poles, the Russians, the Greeks, the Norwegians, the English, the French; they know by dreadful, intimate contact. But we Americans are still somewhat aloof, even too many of our fighting men. We do not know what it is to have our wives and daughters raped, we do not know what it is to have our houses burned, and our neighbors shot. We do not know starvation and hopeless disease, and concentration camps, and the cold despair of unreturnable insult. But that Pole, Arthur Szyk, seeks to tell us, in his beautiful and terrifying drawings; and I have tried to help him in writing the text of the book to be called "Ink & Blood."

Says CARL VAN DOREN:

Of all the books produced by the present war, there is no one more certain to be alive two hundred years from now. Just as we turn back to Hogarth and Goya for the living images of their age, so our descendants will turn back to Arthur Szyk for the most graphic history of Hitler and Hirohito and Mussolini. Here is the damning essence of what has happened; here is the piercing summary of what men have thought and felt about it.

Says THOMAS CRAVEN:

I know of no other instance in which the decorative apparatus of miniature painting has been combined with the onslaught of direct cartooning to produce an instrument of such deadly effectiveness.

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Early Days of the Herring Industry

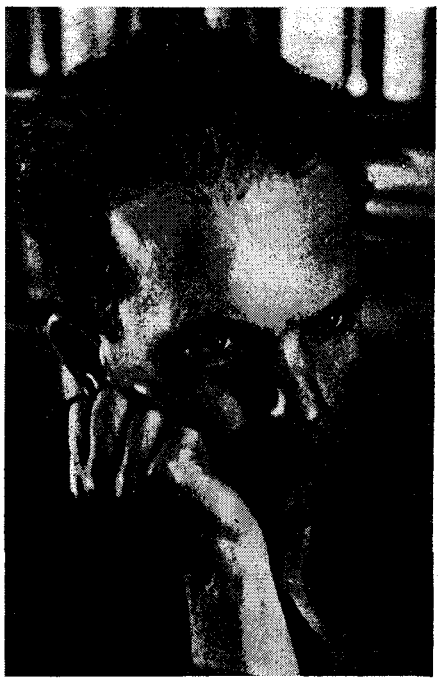
THE SILVER DARLINGS. By Neil M. Gunn. New York: George W. Stewart. 1945. 384 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE silver darlings were the herring that filled the nets of the Scots who became fishermen by necessity when they were driven from their inland holdings towards the end of the Napoleonic era. Evicted and burned out by greedy landlords, who had discovered the profit to be had from sheep, these Scots clung to the coastal strips that were allowed them, and found new hope of life, and even fortune, in the very sea to whose rough shores they had been forced. The story of the silver darlings, as told by Neil M. Gunn, is the story of the early days of this herring industry, which had its rise along the coasts of the Moray Firth. It is the story of Tormad, seized by a press gang during his first seaward venture; of Catrine, his wife, who lived a widow for long years; of Finn, their son, who grew up to realize his father's ambitions; and of Roddie, the great captain, whose love and patience at last made Catrine his own. It is a story of simple folk, leading the simplest of lives.

Mr. Gunn persuades us that he knows his people and his country to their roots, and the sea to its depths. Or, rather, he does not have to persuade us, for we never doubt his knowledge. He writes as one who has lived in kinship with the matter of his writing; and in the upshot there is never a false note, never a scene or line that provokes a reader's question. It is all good stuff, this writing, and of remarkably even quality. It is honest, sound, sturdy, like the men and women of the tale.

Successful as it is in all its parts, however, it seems to me that it is less successful as a whole. Incident after incident claims the reader's interest, without contributing materially to the development of a larger pattern; the minor rhythms do not join and swell into major rhythms, as they do, for example, in "The Growth of the Soil," to which "The Silver Darlings" has been favorably compared by one London critic. There is here, I think, a failure in proportion and a failure in character. The chapter which tells of Finn and the butterfly, for instance, is on a scale, and promises a scale, that cannot be maintained; and the promises held out by the principal characters are not realized in a single case. Catrine fades into the background, as does Roddie; while Finn, who comes to occupy the whole foreground, is hardly more interesting as a young man than he was as a small child. Indeed, one almost feels that the author himself loses interest in his hero, and, for want of anything better to do, rather hastily throws him into the arms of a girl of whom we know little, and for whom we care less; and so concludes his story.



Neil M. Gunn "writes as one who has lived in kinship with the matter of his writing."

But the incidents remain in memory: Catrine and her walk to Dunster, Catrine and Kirsty and the plague, the great voyage to the West, Finn climbing the cliff of the Seven Hunters, the wreck and the rescue. And the land that comes down to the sea, and the sea itself: these, too, stay in the memory, with the shapes and colors and moods that Neil Gunn's words have given them.

Frederic F. Van de Water tells of neophytes at large in rural Vermont.

City Folk in Rural Vermont

FOOL'S ERRAND. By Frederic F. Van de Water. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1945. 323 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

AGAIN Frederic Van de Water has put his adopted rural Vermont into a book, this time into a serious study of city folk who come ignorant and unconditioned to rural New England's way of life, and who meet disaster as easily as do Vermont lambs loose among the wolves of Broadway. The novelist's theme—the potential dangers of country life—is stressed too obviously, and not adequately developed. The painter, Martin Brent, although talented enough to succeed financially, is a weakling who lets accident and life in general push him about. No reader can believe that he would be master of his fate were he still living in Greenwich Village. It is not clear why his prosaic adultery with the dissolute Phillida results from country residence; certainly she would be just as nymphomaniacal in Cleveland or Dallas, and he as short-witted. The train of misfortunes that lead to Brent's suicide, which is dramatic but not altogether convincing, arouses no sense of tragedy or even of pathos; we feel only the faint shock that newspaper accounts of catastrophes provoke.

Much better are the minor portraits —the uncomplaining, taciturn village woman and her crippled, heroic son, the rich fugitives from the city who superimpose themselves on the Vermont countryside but never become a part of it, the pompous novelist, and the querulous Ivor, who serves as a sardonic chorus. There is some amusing satire directed at the wealthy escapists and their craftsy-quaintsy estates, their cocktail parties, and other outlandish carryings-on in Coolidgeland. The author also draws upon his knowledge of the frosty, close-tongued natives, and of their partial thawing at an occasional box-social or cornhusking. Perhaps this novel would be more satisfying if the emphasis were placed on the satirical contrasts rather than on the somewhat hackneyed account of adultery and its attendant complications.

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Unhappy Woman

THE STRANGER. By Maria Kuncewiczowa. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1945. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS is Mme. Kuncewiczowa's first book to be published in an English translation. In her own country, so her publishers inform us, she had made herself a considerable reputation both as a writer and an accomplished singer. In 1937 she was awarded the Warsaw Literary Prize (which was given to "the best work of the year"). Two years later she managed to escape from the war-ravaged Polish capital to Paris, and in 1940 arrived in England, where she has been living since. Born deep in Russia from Polish parents who had been exiled after the insurrection of 1863, she thus has returned to exile again.

This book of hers is certainly not an average novel. But it is by no means easy to say on which side of the non-average its distinction lays. If classification must be, its theme—the happily unhappy, "frustrated" woman—belongs to French novel writing of the 1890's; its retrospective technique stems from Proust, although Mme. Kuncewiczowa's is a thinned-out and faintly sentimental Prousteism.

Rose has once been in love with Michael. She has married Adam, the not-too-bright son of a small-town mayor, and has borne him three children. She has buried one of them, and estranged her husband. (Or hasn't she?) She has worked hard as a concert virtuoso and music teacher, earning part of what the family has needed, and has always been a good housekeeper. (Or so she believes.) Yet all her virtues do not outbalance her intrinsic self-centeredness. And this trait of Rose's is the ever-recurring, if not indeed the sole, *leit motif* of the novel. Rose's difficult relationships to her husband, her daughter, her surviving son, her children-in-law and to the memory of Casimir, the deceased one, form what there is of a story.

The author lavishes much love on her heroine, and often also succeeds in making credible the determinedly tender feelings her family seems to lavish on the capricious woman. A good-humored sort of irony tinges her portrait, whose faded colors are mirrored again and again in the specific melancholy of Polish life under Czarist rule. "Where is that country of mine?" Rose complains. "At Taganrog I didn't go to the Russian church, but to the Catholic. My schoolfellows . . . drew away from me whispering *Polachka.* Then I came to Warsaw, and they said: 'She's got a Russian accent. . . .' At St. Petersburg it was 'a Warsaw young lady.' On the Volga I was a 'countess' from the capital, an artist. Now, to spend my old age, I've returned to Warsaw. Again it's the same. . . . Always and everywhere a stranger."

"The Stranger" is a skilfully written piece of fiction, done with tact and not without psychological courage at times. Yet all its nuances and facets do not make for a whole—which (this goes for novels, too) is supposed to be more than the sum-total of the parts.

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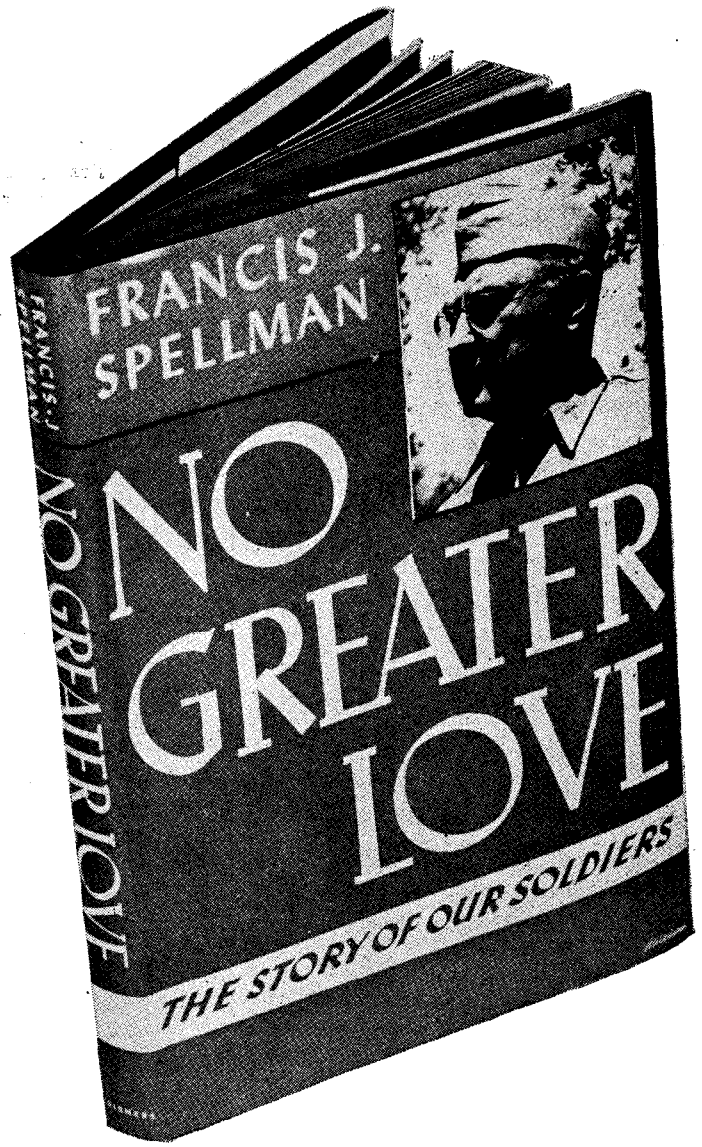

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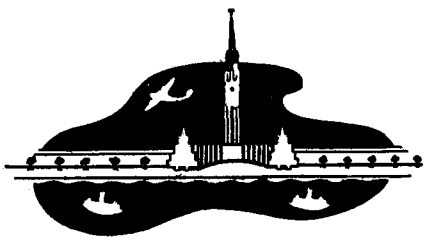
400 Organizations of the Americas

HANDBOOK OF INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS IN THE AMERICAS. Prepared by Ruth D. Masters and others, Carnegie Endowment of International Peace. New York: Columbia University Press. 1945. 440 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by SAMUEL GUY INMAN

WILL the Good Neighbor policy disappear after the war? It is rather difficult to think so, after studying the four hundred organizations listed in this Handbook, an overwhelming number of which are devoted to the development of relations between the United States and the Latin American republics. Yearbooks are not usually exciting reading, although there are some people who would rather have a "World Almanac" with them on a desert island than a murder mystery. So there are people who live, move, and have their being in the Inter-American world, like this reviewer, who will get real pleasure in turning to descriptions of his favorite organizations, testing his knowledge against that of the editors, forming and answering quiz questions, related to governmental, cultural, legal fields, business, students, women, labor, agriculture, children, religion, surgeons, poultry growers, temperance advocates, social service experts, and many other kinds of people and organizations busy in promoting Inter-American affairs.

The war has, of course, greatly enlarged the number of these organizations. Nothing like the present coöperation of a whole continent in military defense, production of raw materials, sharing of industrial machinery, and interchange of cultural relations, has ever before been approached. When Japan captured the East Indies, source of our rubber, tin, quinine, vegetable oils, and many other strategic products necessary to winning the war, we went into partnership with the other Americas to produce the raw materials and manufacture them into ships, planes, munitions, and machines that would bring victory. Such coöperation called for many new organizations, many of which will not be needed in the postwar period. But many of them should be continued. Among those described by the handbook are the following, which illustrate the pattern of new Inter-American machinery.



Meeting of Ministers of Foreign Relations: This new Pan American machinery was set up at the Lima Conference of American States in 1938. When the Second World War broke out, this organization was ready to function and had its first meeting at Panama. It set up two new committees, which have become important parts of the Continental System. The Inter-American Juridical Committee has held continuous sessions in Rio de Janeiro since its appointment. The Inter-American Financial and Economic Advisory Committee, meeting in Washington, has developed into a planning body for the whole Continent. Its extensive projects for raising the standard of living and the industrialization of Latin America, as described in the Handbook, will astonish—and maybe shock—some readers who believe that we still live in the days of laissez faire. The Inter-American system was further strengthened when Hitler captured France and Holland, and threatened to take over their American colonies, resulting in the formation of an Inter-American Commission for Territorial Administration. When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, Pan-American machinery was further tightened. This advance in Continental coöperation forms a thrilling story. It is told in this volume, though unfortunately it is broken up in formal language describing various organizations according to alphabetical order.

Many organizations that should be included are missing. Among these are the cultural institutes that now exist in most Latin American republics, such as the Chilian-North American Cultural Association, Argentine-North American Cultural Institute, Brazil-United Institute, etc. As important an institution as the International Labor Office, which has done extensive work in Latin America, is not treated as an organization; some of its work is described in the chapter on Inter-American Committee on Social Security. Movements like the World's Christian Endeavor Union and the World Federation of Education, with nominal connections in Latin America, are given a place, while the Committee on Coöperation in Latin America and the Committee on Cultural Relations in Latin America, both of which carry on active programs, are omitted. These are minor details, however. The handbook has been prepared with great care, its information is accurate, and all interested in Inter-American affairs will be grateful to the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace for this additional aid given to a field to which it has already so largely contributed.

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One Against an Army

ROBINSON CRUSOE, U.S.N. By Blake Clark. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 267 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THIS is a war in the general case too big for personalities unless they happen to be those commanding personalities who really influence the course of events. Almost nothing is unique. The adventures of the common individual are the same a million times repeated and can be reported only in the spirit of Ernie Pyle, as the reactions of the small man to a force too big and too impersonal for him to affect—even where his own fate is concerned. But there are occasional exceptions, and the story of George Tweed, who is the Robinson Crusoe of the title, is one of the most arresting.

He was one of a small group of technical personnel who with 155 Marines constituted in December, 1941 the sole garrison of Guam, for which we assumed responsibility in 1898—an island surrounded by Jap bases and itself one of the best potential bases in the world. Parenthetically, it was not the Navy's fault that the place was so weak. The Hepburn Board in 1938 had reported that even the Philippines could be made secure by a base at Guam, but Congress, under the leadership of Nye and Wheeler to whom we owe so many of our present difficulties refused to vote a nickel—wouldn't even dredge the coral heads out of the harbor so seaplanes could get in there. When the Japs came down on the place the Marines made the best defense they could and then there was a surrender. The technical personnel were offered the choice of going off to the jug or taking to the bush. Some ten or a dozen of the men took the latter choice and in view of what happens to prisoners of the Japanese, it was probably the wiser one.

The bush of Guam is not what one would expect of a tropical island where it rains nearly every day. The country is mostly upland, covered by trees with long branches which are interspersed with tall grass and a tangled thorny shrub known as lemonchima. Neither is the island wild as we understand wild country. Every inch that will grow anything useful is laid out into small farms, somewhat primitively cultivated by the Chamorros. Through all the first part of his adventure Tweed was never more than a mile from the buildings of one of these farms, usually receiving help and food from the farmer.

He was never very far either from the Japanese search parties, which became better organized and more insistent as time went on and one by one the other bush-Americans fell into their hands. Tweed had been first prize from the beginning because he was a radio man and down through most of 1942 he managed to keep a set working and by means of a typewriter to put out a strictly amateur newspaper which counteracted the Japanese propaganda and irritated them to beat the band. They got his radio after a while and they kept picking up his hideouts. He finally found a cave overlooking the sea, where he taught himself algebra and made shoes for his host's family until the day when Raymond Spruance's destroyers sailed in and began to blow the Japs apart.

That's the story. As to the manner it is first person and an outstanding job of this kind of writing for which the collaborator deserves as much credit as Tweed himself. The latter furnished the observing eye which seldom missed anything either of physical surroundings or personal reactions. Indeed it is one of the best balanced books of the war. Mr. Clark has let Tweed tell his story in straightforward prose without over-emphasis or a single cliche—the endemic faults of most personal experience writing.

Straight Down A Crooked Lane

by MARTHA BYRD PORTER

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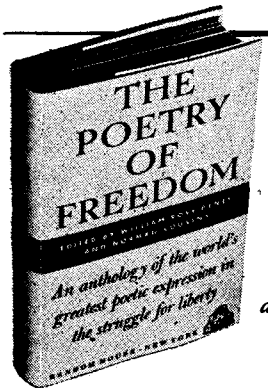

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Bright Omen Out of Italy

THE PINE TREE AND THE MOLE. By Ezio Taddei. Translated by Samuel Putnam. New York: Dial Press. 1945. 289 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

WE are told by Mr. Putnam, translator of this novel, that it is the first to come to us out of liberated Italy. If we may regard Ezio Taddei as a harbinger of what his literary generation is thinking and writing, then I think we may expect exciting things, perhaps an intellectual purge far more cleansing than the physical. The significant aspect of his book is its focus, the way in which it plunges backward in search of first causes, to that period of ferment between wars when Italian fascism was in its embryonic stage. This was an ugly monster from the moment of its birth, and the sight of its first stirrings, its bulbous, slimy development, is not a pretty one.

There were two streams of Italian life that converged fatally to produce this offspring: the upper middle class with its aspirations to all the envied amoral privilege of the nobility, its mincing aversion to "the masses," its ethical degeneracy, and the very lowest and most rootless class of all, not the workers and not merely the unemployed, but the underworld of non-workers, the thieves and prostitutes, the flop-house population, those who could be bought and sold and traded as commodities. Between were the police, who obeyed the one and used the other. The police were the agents of the corrupt organizers of violence; they passed the knives and the bombs to the ragged bums who lifted their heads now in strange pleasure, to breathe the heady air of power, to taste blood, get uniforms, stride the streets, knock on doors.

Taddei hails from the sea-town of Livorno, where the story is laid, and he saw it all himself, from the slums where he lived as an anarchist and socialist fighter, and the prisons of Mussolini that held him up to his escape in 1939. His writing is not a thing of philosophic detachment or economic analysis. It is a naturalistic record of people in movement, in a country at its moment of fatality. It is a record of their speech and emotions and intrigues, of how they found themselves at grips with forces too large to be seen in clear outline, of how they turned in search of leadership, and following the meanest among themselves, destroyed the best.

We hear of the death of Matteotti, and rumors of the march on Rome, as the book closes. Taddei has made some attempt to unify the book about the figure of one Michele Pellizzari, a lawyer who swings from socialism to fascism upon the crest of the wave. His uneasy membership in the fascist alliance provides a shifting commentary upon the whole scene; but it is a commentary that loses weight in Pellizzari's own lack of substance. For, like all the other characters, he is shadowy, seen at moments, in fragments of talk and gestures at action, then snatched away. This is Taddei's technique, like a montage. We do not ever get close enough to any character to know him under the skin. Even Rubaciuchi, the informer, whom we follow through several stages of development, is a kaleidoscopic creation. But it is the whole montage-effect that we get, the scene, the atmosphere, the figures moving in response to tropisms, the social tragedy. It is a valuable scene for us to look upon today, and it bears the unmistakable marks of truth upon it. We are promised others of Taddei's books in translation, one of them now in the writing.

In Common with the Earth

By Frances Gray Patton

IN common with the earth, the mind has weather—
Puts forth its tentative leaf, sets fruit, is lost
In birdless wastes where even the lovely voices
Of running waters fail before the frost;

But with a difference, that the Earth remembers
Blossom and snow, imagines nothing strange,
Turns green, turns white, but turns at ease, considering
How the one law unchangeable is Change.

This human mind, alone, is non-retentive,
The victim of its own immediate breath;
Its winter woods weep: "Summer was a fable."
Its twig in bud declares: "There is no death!"

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Two Drownings in the Mainstream

PRELUDE TO NIGHT. By Dayton Stoddart. New York: Coward-McCann. 1945. 436 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

COME war, come peace, the great American heel goes on, the problem child of moralists, the despair of all fair women, a bulwark of our fiction. In his latest incarnation he is Horace Woodruff Vendig, a Boston boy who rises from complete obscurity to a position in the stratosphere of international finance wherein he rivals even the Morgans. All his dreams come true; he eats from gold plate. But the food served on it is what he loved when he was a child, codfish and baked beans. "Prelude to Night" has the dimensions and material of an epic, but an epic demands a hero, and Vendig, being enamored of neither God nor the devil, nor woman nor mankind, cannot qualify. He is one more personification of the nation's most mortal sins: greed, selfishness, and the naive narcissism of the culturally immature.

There are always a few people in the world who think of themselves only in relation to God, contemplating His perfection and their own infinite defections from grace. But aside from these saints mankind is composed of two sorts of people, those who compare themselves to other people and those who compare other people to themselves. The former are the ambitious, the envious, and the poor. The latter are the proud, the smug, and the rich. In the United States the fact that the former can so easily become the latter has produced a type of ruthless buccaneer who seems like an archetype constructed from the proverb about love of money being the root of all evil. They are in the cities and in the towns, these pirates of the material sea, and the horror of it is that their sins are condoned. It is the desire of the average American to "make good in the world," and the manner in which he achieves success is seldom selected by his conscience. He will send a man to jail for stealing ten dollars, but for stealing ten millions he will build him a monument. It is natural for the artist, who cannot help fighting the battle of justice and truth, to keep poking at this enemy. He could find no better occupation.

Dayton Stoddart stalks the foe with the jawbone of a golden ass, and the destruction is thorough. Horace Vendig is a worthy opponent; a lesser man would have gone down under the strain of his single vice and committed some more human sins, thus acknowledging conversion to the standards of normal conduct. But Vendig goes on to the end without succumbing. His death is as vain and foolish as his life. But there is an added shudder to the story. Vic Lambdin, the idealist whose career runs counterpoint to Vendig's, is as lost and as desolate as is the villain himself. Here is the bitterness of the book, and the real truth of its theme. For Lambdin, who needs only a cause to animate him with the vigor and the vision of a hero, drowns in drink. Vendig drowns in New York harbor. You can take your choice of methods, according to the author, but either way the end is the same.

Vendig and Lambdin were born in the poor section of Boston. They played together as boys; they loved the same girl, Martha. They went to college on athletic scholarships, Lambdin to Dart-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 111

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 111 *will be found in the next issue.*

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mouth, Vendig to Harvard. Vic was a football player, his friend "Hoss" was a track man. Vendig won Martha's love, and then, filled inside with ice and greed, abandoned her to seek his way upward in the financial world by means of a succession of rich and prominent young ladies. He went to New York, and when the First World War came, managed to dodge military service and make a name for himself as a Liberty Bond salesman. Lambdin fought overseas and returned to become a successful salesman, genial, pursuasive, and normally hopeful for the world. He never stopped loving Martha, never forgave Vendig when she died of tuberculosis. As Vendig became richer and richer and was proved right about people and governments, Lambdin slid into a melancholy that was fair prey for alcohol.

His friend went onward and upward, like a Horatio Alger version of Faust. He married the frigid Eden Crocker for her money. He married Christa Mansfield for her satanic genius in the arts of lust. He kept Kaddy Aitken, a glamour girl bereft of both passion and morals. He made more and more money, became more and more powerful, and then fell in love with Mallory Flagg, who looked like Martha and seemed a reincarnation of Martha's youth and faith. She agreed to marry him, and then, with the final consummation of his life only a few days away, he gave his life for a gesture as meaningless as those for which he had so avidly lived.

The book is a tumultuous outpouring, a waterfall of character, comment, situation, interpretation, fact, and fancy. Life in America from the turn of the century is given a thorough spading. What turns up is mostly worms and dirt. There are no hidden treasures, and when the field has been carefully examined, Mr. Stoddart sows it with salt. He means what he says in his title. Get ready for the end. You will have your choice of drowning in water or whiskey, but drown you must.

This complete indictment of every phase of American life is apt to leave the average reader slightly cold, except when he is irritated by the repetition of cheap slanders against the late President Roosevelt and the late Wendell Willkie. Such men as Vendig are beyond his experience and neither interest nor irritate him. Such women as Christa Mansfield and Kaddy Aitkin are no better than the town whore, and no more fascinating. He will understand and sympathize with Vic Lambdin, for he is himself driven to alcohol by the futility in the modern world of being a man of good will. He will know that men like Vendig are not the cause of this, but just another result, and he will be as melancholy for "Hoss" as he is for Vic and himself. Here, if we may paraphrase Prince Hal, is a tun of midnight, but there is as yet no distillation of dawn.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Purple. Burgess: "The Purple Cow."
2. Green. Burns: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."
3. Yellow. Byron: "On My Thirty-sixth Year."
4. Scarlet. Carman: "A Vagabond Song."
5. Red. Field: "Little Boy Blue."
6. Black. Henley: "Invictus."
7. Scarlet. Hood: "Faithless Nelly Gray."
8. Azure. Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes."
9. Pea-green. Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat."
10. Blue. Longfellow: "The Wreck of the Hesperus."
11. Gray. Miller: "Columbus."
12. Golden. Noyes: "The Barrel Organ."
13. Pink. Riley: "That Old Sweetheart of Mine."
14. Khaki. Robinson: "Miniver Cheevy."
15. Golden. Rossetti: "The Blessed Damozel."
16. Yellow. Stevenson: "A Child's Garden of Verses."
17. Gray. Tennyson: "Break, Break, Break."
18. Tan. Whittier: "The Barefoot Boy."
19. Silver. Wilde: "The Harlot's House."
20. Yellow. Wordsworth: "Peter Bell."

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The homicidal maniac

The irresponsible millionaire

Even the most skilled mystery addicts will have a tough time spotting the murderer. Fast and humor-packed mystery by a popular writer of thrillers, set against the background of a newspaper office and the screwballs who haunt it.
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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH LOOKS DOWN *Amelia Reynolds Long* (Ziff-Davis: $2.)	Strangling of graduate student in E. A. Poe seminar at "Univ. of Phila." gives Trelawney, criminal psychologist, a poser.	Several murders, all along lines suggested by Poe's works, a disappearing manuscript, and some tricky detecting.	"Quoth the raven..."
ELIZABETH IS MISSING *Lillian de la Torre* (Knopf: $3.50)	Elizabeth Canning, eighteenth-century English slavey, disappears and doesn't turn up for month. Her story sets London by its ears.	Classic mystery given another thorough going-over. Vigorous picture of London in mid-1700's, much lively writing, and some shrewd deducing.	For connoisseurs
BLONDES DON'T CRY *Merlda Mace* (Messner: $2.)	Pretty blonde gets apartment in war-time Washington and spot of murder. Sgt. Tyner and Shamus O'Reilly do the sleuthing.	Agreeable characters—especially heroine and red-faced Shamus—plot with numerous complications, ample action, and relentless slayer.	Commendable

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CHURCHILL: ETERNAL ENGLISHMAN

(*Continued from page 7*)

certain qualities in the British people, a certain code and scale of values to which they hold. But it is probably true to say that he alone of living men could have rallied those qualities in time; held his people to them during long years of torment, and made of them, finally, that instrument of human freedom which they have proved to be. Again, it was not merely courage, in Churchill or the people, though nothing could have been done without courage. It was courage expressed in a national unity which rose above divisions of party or of doctrine. Thrust by destiny into a key position at a crucial moment, he filled that position as almost certainly no other living man could have done, because the values which make England were incarnate in his mind and character: and to that fact all Britons of every creed and party re-acted.

When Churchill asked the Labor leaders to take office under him, they instantly agreed. Bevin the ex-truck driver, Morrison the ex-errand boy, did not boggle because they were to work for years side by side with the Tory grandson of a Duke. England was saved because Churchill was able to show such men that Tories are not necessarily at all times the enemies of the people; that there are motives which can rise above class interest and party doctrine. Englishmen have always recognized this truth—it explains why, without civil war for three hundred years, England has made greater advances in freedom and in welfare, than other countries, not less fortunately placed, where revolution can be said to be almost endemic. A readiness to recognize that the other fellow may be partly right; that because he is different he is not necessarily an enemy; that in human society there must be give and take and toleration are English qualities. If they had not been present in the common people of England, Churchill would have been powerless to save his country; and theirs. But he had just the gifts which enabled him to make those qualities come alive at the time they were most needed.

Foremost among those gifts was the gift of expression; which is literature. His words are as simple as those of the Bible; or of Lincoln; and as moving. They have the force of great poetry, which they are. There have been poets who have written of men of action. Churchill is a man of action who is his own poet:

And now it has come to us to stand
alone in the breach . . .
Bearing ourselves humbly before God,
but conscious that we serve an unfolding purpose,
we are ready to defend our native land.
We are fighting by ourselves alone;
but we are not fighting for ourselves alone.
Here in this strong City of Refuge,
Which enshrines the title deeds of human progress
and is of deep consequence to Christian Civilization;
we await undismayed the impending assault.
The whole fury and might of the enemy
must very soon be turned on us.
Hitler knows that he will have to break us
in this island or lose the war.
If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be free,
and the life of the world may move forward
into broad, sunlit uplands.
But if we fail, then the whole world,
including the United States,
and all that we have known and cared for,
will sink into the abyss of a New Dark Age
made more sinister, and perhaps more prolonged,
by the lights of a perverted science.
Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty,
and so bear ourselves,
that men will say, . . .
"This was their finest hour."

The author of this article was for thirty years a member of the now triumphant Labor Party, sat in the House of Commons as Labor representative, and was elected a member of the Consultative Committee of the Parliamentary Labor Party.

I SHOULDN'T HAPPEN—
BUT IT DID!
Moreover, it turned out to be a book, an uproarious, tender, skywriting kind of a book for everyone who loves a soldier —or a dog.
$2.00
BY Don Freeman
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

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the Phoenix Nest

O TO BE!

(Chicle bleeder. A gatherer of chicle.)
—Webster's New International Dictionary.

O TO be a chicle bleeder,
A gatherer of chicle!
Gum from the latex of the sapodilla,
You blow it up and you have a pilla.
O to forget this endless tercha
And go where there's good gutta-percha!
Ere Father Time may scythe me *nieder,*
(Unless he use a sickle)
O to be a chicle bleeder,
A gatherer of chicle!

O to be an Eshtaulite,
An inhabitant of Eshtaul!
First Chronicles 2. 53
You can learn all about the familee:
The Puhites and the Shumathites,
The Zareathites and the Eshtaolites—
But you may be sure you'll be up all night,
And I gather you're no fool,
Trying to pronounce Eshtaulite
An inhabitant of Eshta-ool!

O to be a hill myna,
An Asiatic bird!
They're black-and-white, and allied to starlings,
And have yellow wattles, the little darlings!
You can teach them speech. What could be fina!
I know a girl, Mina. But this is Myna.
In southeast Asia you can hear 'em cackle.
There are other some they call a grackle.
Is age at last a sign a
Long trip must be deferred?
O to be a hill myna,
An Asiatic bird!

O to be a maple-borer
Or a brown-lace dragonfly,
Or even a goldsmith beetle
As yellow as often wheat'll
Be in the drowsy summer
When the heat can get my num'er.
But what with *Aptera* and *Orthoptera,*
Neuroptera and *Lepidoptera,*
And *poetae membra disjecta*
Of all the humming and strumming *insecta,*
A skimmer or a soarer
Or a tickler would be I!
O to be a maple-borer
Or a brown-lace dragonfly!

O to be *odontoglossum*
Or an orchid epiphytic:
An ornamental tropical flower,
Though it bloom for only an hour,
Diverse as it is in form and tinct,
"With lip not spurred, and quite distinct"—
Or like the baby orchid, *O. grande,*
That Guatemalans find so handy—
O to be a pouting blossom,
And escape the carping critic—
A tongued *odontoglossum*
Or an orchid epiphytic!

O to be a Leach's petrel
That can walk upon the sea;
For they breed in burrows and crevices;
And the Latin for birds is *avis*-es;
And they feed on small surface-swimmin'
Creatures (both men and women).
They're not yellow like the canary, as
Their plumage has white areas
But is chiefly dark. (All the pickin's
Go to Mother Carey's chickens!)
So, longitudinal or lat'ral,
By whatever gods there be,
O-o-o-o, to be a Leach's, a Kaeding's, a fork-tailed,
a Bulwer's, a black-capped, a Wilson's petrel
That can walk upon the sea!

Arthur Henley of Forest Hills, Long Island, writes me as follows:

> Two of the things I've enjoyed most in your column are your comments on stf and the limericks you've chosen to publish. Regarding the latter, I should like to offer for your consideration a limerick I wrote out of sheer inspiration one sweltering afternoon some three years ago. This particular verse has been broadcast over about a dozen radio programs, including Eddie Cantor's and Sammy Kaye's and shows on every network, and bears the questionable distinction of being the most oft-quoted limerick in radio. Here's the limerick:
>
> There once was a butcher named Dutton,
> Who always had plenty of mutton;
> When meat became scanty,
> He cut up his aunty . . .
> No mutton, no Dutton, no nuttin'.
>
> I've just translated it into bad French and now it goes like this:
>
> Il y était un boucher qui s'appelle Briand,
> Qui toujours avait pleine de viande;
> Quand viande devenait lente,
> Il a coupé sa tante . . .
> Pas viande, pas Briand, pas rien.

My honored friend, the Old Mandarin, *i.e.,* Christopher Morley, writes me that our mutual old friend, Arthur W. Bell, died the other day at Falmouth, Massachusetts. Arthur Bell used to send me frequent lively verses, not all of which I could use. In his honor I print a recent communication I had from him from Beacon Street. It is very sad to know that he is gone:

> Sometimes I amuse myself with feeble imitations of Christopher Morley's "Translations from the Chinese" which have been revived lately in the Atlantic—oceans apart, of course.

WARTIME CALCULUS

A fellow passenger, on the top of a bus,
Surprised the Old Mandarin by asking
If he were at all interested in figures.
The sudden, unexpected question
Gave the O. M. pause to consider
In just what sense the term was employed,
Whether applied to the field of mathematics,
Involving equations, graphs and curves,
Or did it, perhaps, allude to human contours.

After a brief moment of deliberation,
He fortunately hit upon an adroit reply;
"I have," said he, "been concerned of late
With a serious effort to compute
The exact Wave length of a Marine thrill."

The Old Mandarin himself has been in good fettle lately [*fettle 4. To mull (beer, ale, etc.)*]. He says that in "From Surtees to Sassoon," by Harvey Darton (1931), "which contains a wise and well-felt study of the English poets of World War I—it was never published in U. S. I think—Darton says, apropos Robert Graves, that 'He made in *Lars Porsena* the best allusive "coarse" joke of recent years.'" Chris wants to know what it was. I don't. Do You? Last Spring, when the O. M. was working in his garden, he sent me this:

Poison Ivy had no fears
Till gardeners came with gloves and shears . . .

The tourist thought the road a cinch
Till caught without a Stillson wrench . . .

The Girl Scouts didn't know what damp meant
Till they went out on encampment . . .

Then I cried—*mot de Cambronne*—
Leave these to oblivion!

You can learn on any shelves
It's easy to be wise in rhyme:
Choosing their own mood and time
Men write when they're by themselves.

The poets and the aphorists
Are the true Isolationists.

Now he sends me a letter all in rhyme, from which I quote you part of the ending. He is musing at *Nostromo,* on Long Island Sound:

All-day rain still drips from the roof-scupper
But it'll soon be time for supper.
Nothing to eat but fish or maybe soup—
O for a steak from the range or a fowl from the coop!
And I think of the old days
When we always had hamburger to drip and sizzle over the blaze.
(Where is the rump-fed ronyon who aroints
On plenty of red points?)

He also animadverts:

Please think, won't you
Of something beside bombs for Honshu?

The Atlantic Ocean outside my window is gray today, so I like to think of those plenty of red points. See you next week!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

RADIO SCRIPTS WANTED for production if acceptable—15-30 minutes. No fees. Scripts returned. Radio Show Guild. Box 870-L.

WILL A MIDDLE-AGED MAN who combines the joy of youth with the wisdom of the years correspond with a woman that is both gracious and genuine? Box 869-L.

WILL PAY $50 BONUS to anyone who helps a couple obtain year lease on 4 or 5 room apartment furnished or unfurnished East Side New York and $100 if in Murray Hill section. Around $200 dollars a month or more. Can furnish references from New York landlords dating back 18 years. Box 875-L.

FOR SALE: Convertible five branch hand wrought iron candelabra for indoor use or as hurricane lamps. Original designs, photographs furnished on request. $40.00 pair. Place your Christmas orders now. Wominer Wrought Iron, Box 230, Grand Island, Nebraska.

WISH TO EXCHANGE IDEAS on Cooperative Colony. Box 876-L.

WASHINGTON, D. C. is the center of the world. There must be a job for a lady with experience in bookshop work, foreign and children's literature. Could also be editor's sales-woman in Washington. Excellent French, Italian. References. Box 877-L.

LITERATE FARMER, palled by birds, trees and cattle, desires to reëstablish contact with his own species via a feminine correspondent. Box 878-L.

WANTED: BOOKS, old and new, about New York City. Box 879-L.

WRITER'S RETREAT—Remodeled salt box in New Fairfield, Conn. Brook and pond at door, 70 acres, 3 outbuildings—$14,500—Veteran unable to continue prewar venture. Call EL 5-7255, N. Y. C. Box 880-L.

PROMOTION MANAGER—experienced person to handle circulation, publicity and advertising for small, but growing liberal magazine. Write full particulars. Box 918-L.

PRINTING OFFICE of Columbia University Press requires a young woman as assistant, printing experience essential, tolerance for details and typographic taste required. Apply by letter only stating experience and salary required. 2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in the Orient? We recommend the Oriental Series by Capt. F. Brinkley, 12 volumes, published on China and Japan, in an artist's edition of only 500 numbered copies, with superb illustrations, some in color, price $36.50. Box 915-L.

LITERARY CONTEST—Open to amateurs and professionals. Prizes: Long story, $25; Short story, $20; Light Essay, $15; Sketch, $15; Poem, $15; Group of Poems, $15. Send for rules or address manuscripts now to THE VILLAGER, Bronxville, New York.

EDUCATED MAN, 58, American, active, long experience as business executive abroad, linguist, wants position with publisher or institution publishing books, reviews, articles on foreign affairs (economics, culture, politics). Experienced in reviewing foreign publications, coördinating facts, developing ideas. Box 847-L.

PERSONALS

ANNOUNCEMENT

Effective September 1st, rates for advertising in the Personals and Classified columns of *SRL* will be 15c per word—count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—in either department—are as follows: 26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Present contracts will be fulfilled at the old rates.

YOUNG CULTURED COUPLE harbor delusion that available somewhere in N.Y.C. lies a presentable 4 room apartment for about $60. Assistance soberly solicited. Psychiatrists need not reply. Box 897-L.

DAY NURSERY needs bird, piano, victrola, sewing machine, camera, small chairs, etc., free or reasonable. Box 898-L.

TEACHER correspond mature male, fond small children. Box 899-L.

READ RICHARD MANEY'S COLUMN in the July 21 SRL but don't weep. Here's your opportunity. Our play received excellent reviews upon its try-out; our company is truly famous. But the usual angels with their usual myopia cannot see to back it. Production and cast is all set. All we need is a little more money. Box 900-L.

MIDWESTERN CULTURED WOMAN welcomes letters from mature man of wisdom. Box 851-L.

DIVERTING AND STIMULATING reading can be found in the Pall Mall Magazine of the 1890's. Nine volumes of this periodical are offered bound, over 4,500 pages, with such contributors as Stevenson, Zangwill, Blackwood, Gilbert Parker, A. C. Benson, etc., well illustrated, price $32.50 for the nine volumes. Box 914-L.

CONGENIAL PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN seeks excitement via a feminine correspondence. Box 852-L.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

FRANCOPHILES—RECREATION and STIMULATION, congenial companions in an interesting language camp for adults and families. Box 534-L.

WANTED: Books about the Brontës. Wm L. Tutin, 1252 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 38, Mass.

YOUNG SOUTHERN MALE of varied interests desires correspondence with well-read lady. Box 871-L.

SALARY LEVEL will interest an experienced librarian if it is a fair return on investment. Box 872-L.

NOT A CIVILIAN? Correspondence between servicemen and persons not known to them is in violation of War Department instructions to all military personnel. We announced this some time ago, but your mail continues to pour in.

ENJOY SUMMER, fall, winter, refined home, elderly or convalescent persons desiring seclusion heart of Berkshires. Nursing care. Box 794-L.

FOR SALE, 10-room 1820 New Hampshire farmhouse, Quaker neighborhood of Sandwich, four miles from main villages. 20 acres, dooryard pond, terraces, breezeway toward mountains. Modernized with new bath, rebuilt chimney, two fireplaces. Granite cellar. $5,500. Do not answer if you fear to be out of sound of neighbors. Marjory Harkness, Realtor, Tamworth, N. H.

"THE COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING offered by the University of Oklahoma (under the supervision of Prof. W. S. Campbell, 'Stanley Vestal') sounds so efficient and intelligent, whether taken in person or by correspondence, that we are tempted to refer to it many applicants who wish that kind of information and training."—The Saturday Review of Literature (May 13, 1939—page 21). For particulars write STANLEY VESTAL, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate with major in psychology and sociology, desires social secretary position in Philadelphia about September 10. Some typing and shorthand. Can help with children but no teaching. Box 850-L.

PERSONALS

QUAKER COLLEGE PROFESSOR under forty (writer, psychologist, humanitarian) wishes a position as chaplain, counselor, or administrator, part-time or full-time. Box 891-L.

WANTED: in an attractive western city, a children's librarian who really likes children, knows good books and is able to put the two together. Salary depends on experience. Correspondence invited. Box 892-L.

TRANSLATIONS: French, Spanish, German, Italian, Russian, Chinese. Reasonable rates. Box 596-L.

GENERAL FACTOTUM will assist gentlewoman or couple, New England: household, secretarial. Good cook. Box 886-L.

BARNARD STUDENT needs 1 or 2 rooms, preferably unfurnished, Columbia vicinity. Lease beginning September. Box 887-L.

FLOWERS AT CHRISTMAS? Ten-plus acres, half orchard half virgin forest, in California coast mountains, six miles from lovely Los Gatos. Artist's bungalow, six rooms. Two-car garage. Electricity, pressure water system, mail delivery. View. For sale for $15,000 cash. Box 888-L.

WANTED: Burwash Kipling, complete in good condition. Describe condition and quote lowest price. Box 889-L.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT—2½ years experience—seeks position—publishing house, trade paper, magazine. Box 890-L.

DO YOU LACK a book to complete your collection? Let us find it for you. Box 839-L.

YOUNG WOMAN—alone in big city seeks correspondence with man of humor, imagination and brains. No objection to slight genius. Box 862-L.

WHO WANTS the complete works of Oscar Wilde in the Nottingham edition, in ten volumes, 4,000 pages, illustrated at special price of $23.75 because the binding is chipped? A real bargain. Box 911-L.

GENTLEMAN—Interested in labor and human relations problems desires correspondence. Box 884-L.

MEDICAL SECRETARY who believes such a job can be a career, with imagination, business ability and loyalty, desperately needed by Los Angeles American board surgeon. Start $50. Future unlimited. Box 885-L.

BENNETT CERF hasn't got a thing on Percy's Anecdotes, 20 volumes, 4,000 pages, ten thousand try-and-stop-me's covering every field of living. The classic of anecdotage of the 19th century. Only $39.00 for the set. Box 917-L.

SCIENTIST, MUSICIAN desires to correspond with young lady having such writing or art interests. Box 855-L.

MAN, 50, single, experienced teaching English—social sciences in academies, Annapolis, colleges seeks post. Two degrees; foreign study. Box 893-L.

ARE YOU SEARCHING FOR INTRIGUE? Here are over 9,000 pages of the Secret Memoirs of the Courts of Europe in 24 volumes, handsomely printed in a limited edition with colored plates for $67.50. Box 912-L.

WOULD ANYONE BE INTERESTED in establishing a Literary Agency? I have the necessary background and experience. ELEANOR ROBERTS PARKER, Room 718, 29 East 29 Street, (MU 4-0600) New York 16, N. Y.

WASHINGTON APARTMENT TO SHARE with congenial young man. Convenient dump with possibilities. Box 894-L.

WOMAN, older, who loves life, letters and lack of loneliness, invites correspondence with gentleman. Box 895-L.

TEACHER OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION needed. Episcopal Church boarding school for girls. Middle West. No dormitory supervision. Moderate salary. Excellent working and living conditions. Box 980-L.

(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT—Able to edit and style copy for printer and write copy for circulars—wanted by publisher of scientific books. Experience essential. Box 903-L.

DINNERS, MARKETING, for professional woman exchange pleasant room East Side, N. Y. Middle-aged college woman. Expense prorated. Privacy important. Box 904-L.

GENTLEMAN, engulfed in big city, would relax in the charm of small town or country atmosphere via mail from keen-witted young lady. Box 905-L.

REFINED WIDOW, daughter seven, versatile, college, no stenographic training, some sales ability, six years teaching experience, tea room hostess, restaurant cashier, best references. Interested permanent position where can meet public—Middle West preferred. Box 906-L.

TEACHING VACANCY Spanish Department. Girls boarding school in Midwest. Box 909-L.

THE WORKS OF THAT UNIQUE POET, Thomas Hood, comprising 6 volumes and almost 2,500 pages, illustrated, can be had for only $17.85. Box 910-L.

WRITER (3 in family) wants to rent well furnished house; 4-5 bedrooms in Westchester or Connecticut. Commuting distance up to 1½ hours. From early fall. Box 896-L.

WANTED: Resident Assistant. Owner Manager of select lodgings in Manhattan offers garden room with private bath and small salary in exchange for limited services. Days free. Retired professional woman preferred. Box 867-L.

FOR SALE: About three acres, ten room house, three baths, oil furnace, two car garage, garden, shade trees in rural Berkshire village, 1800 feet elevation, beautiful views. Completely furnished. $12,000. Box 873-L.

CHARMING YOUNG MAN, cultured and urbane, seeks literate stimulating correspondents. Box 859-L.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583. Adults only.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED; mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

WOMAN (40) in wheel-chair, to open a bookshop in New York City requires $5,000 financial backing. No collateral or securities. 6% interest on loan. Gamble for backer. Box 882-L.

APPRECIATIVE FEMALE invites correspondence with mature, cultured man. Box 883-L.

EAT YOUR WAY—to a slim figure and healthful energy. It's a surprisingly easy and fascinating game if you follow a new purse-size calorie book. Once you possess a copy and get results, you'll think its cost insignificant. One dollar, postpaid. Money refunded if you don't want to keep it longer than three days. Ruth B. Pfahler Body Contour Shop, 1101 West Main, Decatur, Illinois.

WANTED by or before September 1st a quiet, sunny, detached room, with breakfast facilities, by woman who writes. Manhattan or Westchester. Box 919-L.

FOR SALE: twenty acres old farm land on state road, New Hampshire hillside, view of White Mountains, sleeping shack and good well, some woodland. Box 920-L.

LIBRARIAN, A.B. in Library Science degree, nine years college library experience, desires position. Box 921-L.

PROFESSIONAL MAN (middle-aged), moderate amount of capital, would like to devote part time to musical or literary agency; publication, phonographic studio, radio or other interesting occupation in New York City. Confidential details to merit consideration. Box 922-L.

WANT small bookshop, home, within 50 miles Los Angeles or other large Southern California city. $2,000 to $3,000. Box 923-L.

PERSONALS

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

IS THERE HUMOR IN LAW? Decidedly! If you read "The Green Bag," a useless but entertaining magazine for lawyers, published in the 1890's and replete with oddities of the bar, 8 volumes, over 3,200 large pages. A rare gift for a retired barrister and an up-and-coming avocat. $47.50. Box 913-L.

PERSONABLE MALE, thirty, sophisticated, stimulating, seeking pleasure or profit with but two precious vacation weeks to spend would invest them most advantageously. Rush proposition to Box 901-L.

WANTED—Head of Reference Department in medium sized Library with modern methods and point of view. Located 50 miles from Boston. Opportunity for person with initiative and ability. State qualifications and salary expected. Box 902-L.

TOLSTOI'S WORKS, in 12 volumes, offered for only $19.75. Box 916-L.

FEW PAYING GUESTS in exceptionally beautiful spacious Vermont home. Top of lovely hill surrounded by hundreds of rolling acres. Green Mountain at its best. Box 86, Montpelier, Vermont.

VETERAN, YOUNG MAN, seeks interesting secretarial work, author, editor, publisher. Box 970-L.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, all rooms engaged until September 5.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

LANGUAGES

LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER, Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

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WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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FREE CATALOGS. (QUARTERLY.) Various subjects; languages. Courteous service. H. H. EVANS, 3319 SACRAMENTO, SAN FRANCISCO 18.

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stics Club

abeth S. Kingsley

ave lost recently by death wo of our distinguished DCers Henry Bellamann and Max and. Messages from each I cher- in my "Famous DCers folder."

Mrs. P. K. Boshco told me that "A New York lawyer, author of a recent biography (not so called)" (in No. 586) upset her progress, as she had written *Train* into the space. Had I myself even thought of *Train* at the time, as containing the same number of letters as *Ernst*, I'd have given you a separating clue. Morris Ernst in a gracious note recognizes the use of his name in the DC. If his name were not so short and the titles of his books so short, I would have selected a whole DC from them. 24 letters in name and title is about the minimum for flexibility with about 185 letters in the quotation. Once when I asked Will Irwin for a humorous quotation from one of his books, as all I could find in the Public Library was serious, he regretted in his characteristic vein that in writing his work too briefly for DCs he had failed to divine such a future use.

Recalling "pinkletinks" to which Professor Emeritus George Wagner had introduced us, Dorcas B. Watters, Rome, N. Y., sends us an editorial clipping from the *Herald Tribune* which quotes from *The Vineyard Gazette*, Edgartown, Mass., to the effect that Shakespeare may have had Martha's Vineyard in mind when he wrote *The Tempest*. The *H. T.* continues:

"It was upon Cuttyhunk, just across Vineyard Sound from Gay Head, that Bartholomew Gosnold attempted a settlement in Shakespeare's lifetime and went back to England full of strange tales. Doubtless he, like Winthrop Packard, the naturalist, three centuries later, listened to the pinkletinks on Tisbury Plain and heard other eerie sounds. 'Goblins cackled in weird laughter, whining and whimpering among the scrub oaks. Strange, hollow, whistling noises grew in the air about me,' wrote Packard in 1913. He knew it was nothing but the 'heath 'en doing their spring love dances,' but a sixteenth-century seafaring man or a poet might well enough have heard Ariel in the pinkletinks and Caliban in the heath hen—which more prosaic people than those of the Vineyard call tree frogs and grouse."

Mrs. W. H. Cameron, of that clever Evanston group of DCers, throws the following variegated bouquet at us:

"Get thee behind me," E. S. K.,
You let me neither work nor play
But make me lug that big Dic. down
To track a wayward verb or noun,
Or a "colloq.," "comp.," "abs." or "slang"
Of which I cannot get the hang!
But tho' you haunt me night and day,
I still do love you, E. S. K.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 593

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. English poet (1612(?)-49; "Steps to the Temple").

B. A "Case" by Anna Katharine Green (1878) that started a detective-story craze.

C. Mention of something in disclaiming intention to mention it (Rhet.)

D. *Baccaurea sapida*, an Asiatic tree whose fruit has a pleasant flavor.

E. The purported imaginary Spanish author of "Letters from England" by Southey.

F. Rings, as one or more tiny bells.

G. Heroine (first name) of "The Scarlet Letter."

H. Washes out.

I. The profits or products which land yields (Law).

J. Saxon ruler, died in 1066, brother of Harold II.

K. A sovereign mistress (Fig.)

L. One of the tetralogy "Der Ring des Nibelungen" (Wagner; with "Das").

M. The Orion of the Old Testament.

N. Vastness in extent or bulk.

O. English translator of New Testament and Pentateuch (1492-1536).

P. Siege in the Civil War, April-May 1862.

Q. The Teutonic heathenism.

R. Favorite daughter of Mohammed; also last wife of Bluebeard.

S. The seat of Pres. Coolidge's home life.

T. Noninjury of animal life (Hinduism, etc.)

U. British physicist and popularizer of science (1820-93).

V. Makes unsightly or offensive to the sight.

W. According to truth or fact.

X. One of the four greater prophets (Bib.; 6th Cent. B. C.)

WORDS

94 20 118 152 29 112 125

160 51 79 4 57 31 113 91 107 67 153

114 75 167 25 50 46 147 161 140

103 71 10 58 21 65

159 133 98 8 170 77 119 155 19

136 178 15 144 56 2 72

126 139 110 100 86 143

95 120 69 17 146 63

38 6 173 26 163 127 148

49 9 101 36 81 32

85 166 129 14 5 97 121

59 149 131 16 89 83 40 52 141

87 158 24 168 61 151

93 164 177 11 145 22 53 132 115

55 18 128 96 3 156 48

174 35 84 162 92 60 39 123

104 43 23 82 30 116 74

102 176 64 122 138 142

171 99 41 34 117 154 70 106 54 130 135

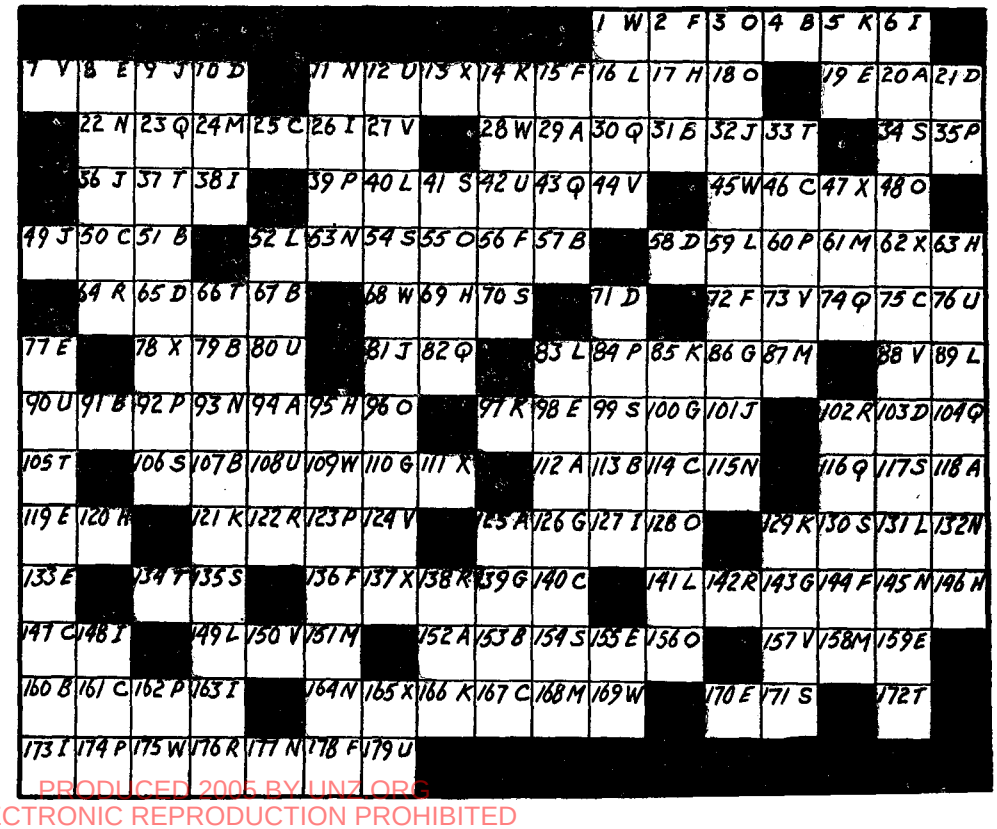
172 37 134 105 33 66

12 80 90 179 108 76 42

88 124 157 73 7 150 27 44

175 109 45 68 28 1 169

13 47 165 62 137 111 78



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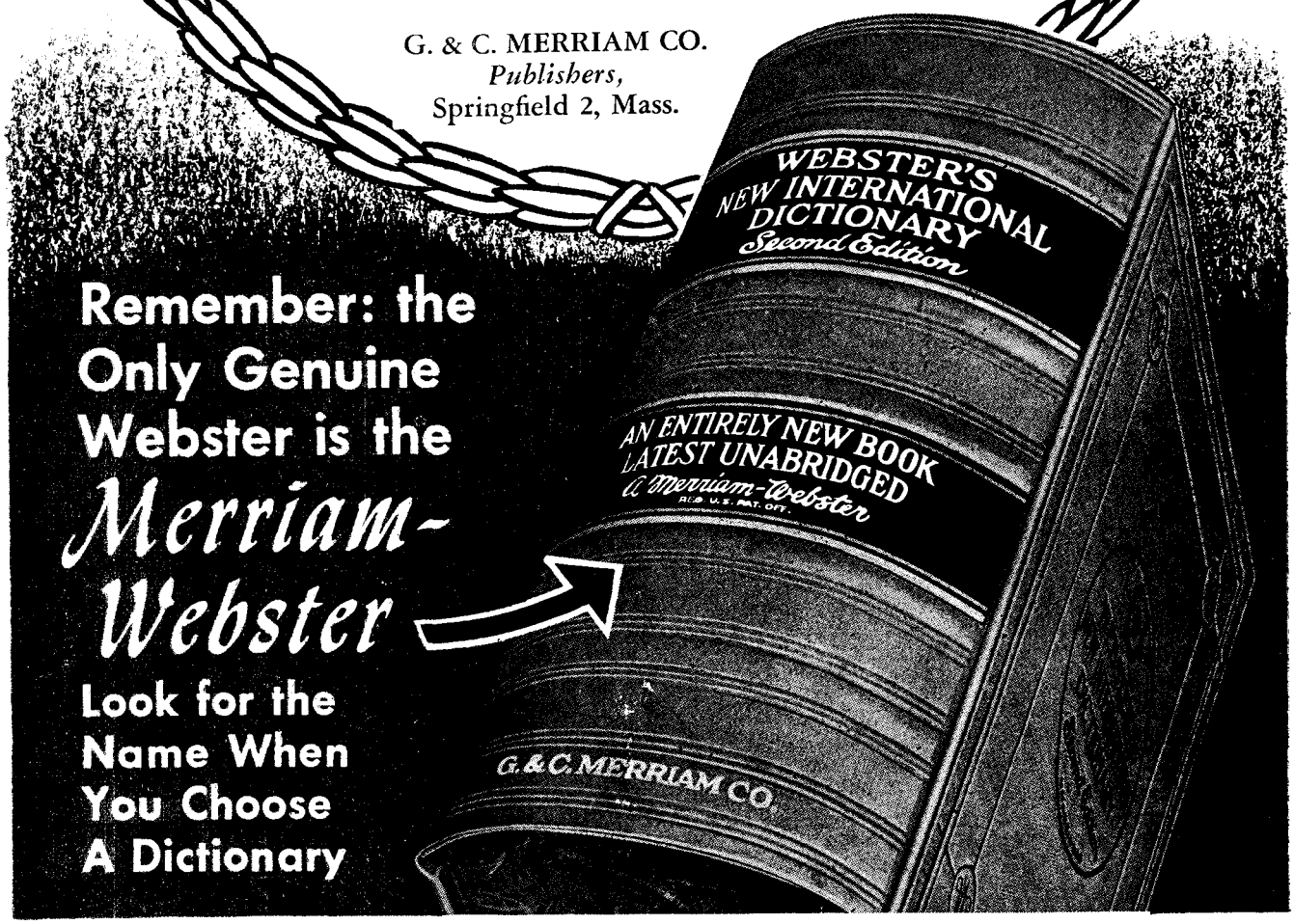

Remember: the Only Genuine Webster is the *Merriam-Webster*

Look for the Name When You Choose A Dictionary

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